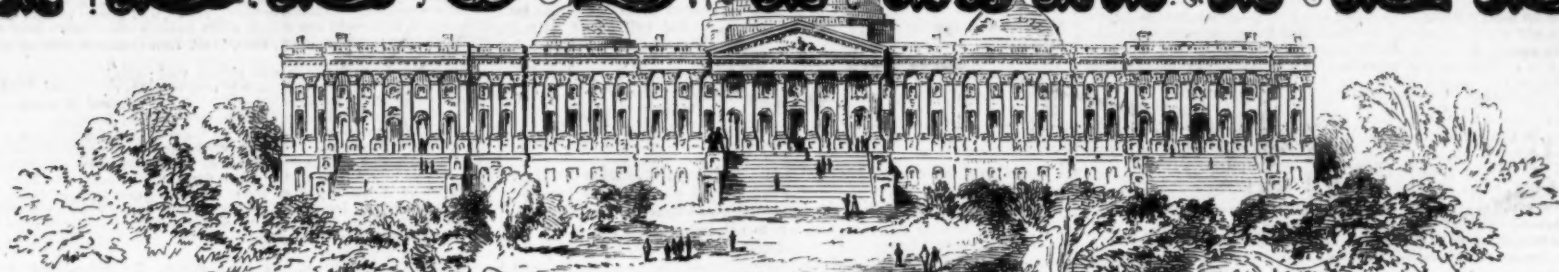


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NEWSPAPER

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MUSARD.

By Eugene de Mirecourt.

MUSARD was born in London on the 1st of March, 1818 (and is, therefore, in his fortieth year), during one of the visits which his father was in the habit of making every year to England, for the purpose of directing the court balls, the balls of the nobility and those given at Almack's. These visits continuing during many

years of the boy's infancy, his education was partly French, partly English; he learnt to read by turns in Victor Hugo and in Shakespeare, in Byron and in Lamartine; and thus was formed that nature, vigorous and poetical, of which his compositions give us so high and clear an idea. I might recall many charming anecdotes to show how prodigal the Muses had been to this favored child.

Towards the end of July, 1827, the father and son returned to



ALFRED MUSARD, CONDUCTOR OF THE CELEBRATED MUSARD CONCERTS.

France after a brilliant and prosperous campaign. On the passage from Folkestone to Boulogne, a fierce tempest suddenly arose: its violence was such that all the passengers, soaked and blinded, and expecting still more serious consequences, retired to the cabin of the little steamboat. Musard went like the others, and believed of course that his son was near him, but it was in vain that he tried to find him with his eyes. In a moment he became a prey to the most frightful apprehensions; horrible images were conjured up in his imagination and passed before his eyes like realities. The unhappy father was almost driven to madness. The black clouds, the air lurid with lightning, the rain falling in torrents, prevented his seeing his child before him. When at last the anxious parent found his child, a cry of joy escaped his lips. But imagine what was to be his astonishment. Standing at the prow of the ship, with his arm twisted in the cordage of the vessel, the child looked tranquilly upon and listened to the tempest, beating the measure of the time with surprising regularity. The terrible bass of the thunder, the andante of the hurricane, and the hissing of the hail, he noted them all in his memory in the form of a frightful symphony. The elder Musard precipitated himself on his son and embraced him. Then, the first impulse of joy having passed, fright returned.

"Foolish boy, what are you doing?" he said to the child.

"Do you see, father," replied the future conductor, "that I am studying orchestral effects?"

At these words, so deliciously naïf and ambitious, the father felt once more the tears swimming in his eyes, but this time they were tears of joy.

"Ah!" he cried, "in that way you will indeed become a great artist."

This prophecy has been fulfilled. Nature had lavished her gifts on Musard; inspiration, invention, sensibility the most exquisite, enthusiasm, the gift (so rare) of reproducing by sensible images the exterior world as ideal life, and as aspirations towards that which we all yearn for, he did not lack. He undertook to acquire all that could be known in music, and for many long years he studied laboriously and worked indefatigably at the profound secrets of harmony and of composition, of counterpoint and of fugue; all the instruments, all the masters ancient and modern, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, whose works open on the infinite. Of living teachers he had but one; this was his father, who had himself been the most distinguished pupil of Reicha.

A trait rare and admirable in Musard's character was, that notwithstanding this avidity to know everything even down to the last word of science, he was indifferent to notoriety and glory. At a time when he was in a position to take a high place in art and to be admired and envied, his name was altogether unknown to the public. He was filled with the amiable hope that his father would yield his *baton* for ever, that *baton* beneath whose magic away three young generations had swept in an intoxication of delight. He knew that in order some day to command, it was good to serve under his venerable father as an obscure soldier. But Fate leads us imperiously to the end of our destiny, and Musard, in spite of his incurable modesty, soon after became a great *chef d'orchestre*.

This was first at London in 1842, where at the time his father found himself suddenly afflicted with a stroke of apoplexy. During the remainder of the season young Musard directed the orchestra of those monster concerts which were the immediate precursors of the series given by Julien. This orchestra, composed of the best artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, soon understood or divined the character of the young *chef*, and a "blaze of triumph" was the result.

Before leaving England Musard had assisted as conductor at the famous *ball costume* given by Queen Victoria in June, 1846. He directed the orchestras in a *peruque*, powdered according to the fashion of Louis XVI., and attired principally in black velvet and steel buttons. In transmitting to Musard the marks of her approbation, the Queen observed that he bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of Mozart, taken when he was a young man.

It was at Paris, at the concerts in the Champs Elysées, in the Rue St. Honoré, and in the Rue Vivienne, that Musard continued his first victories as orchestral conductor, until he was appointed *chef of the *bala d'opéra**, which he has conducted from 1848 until the present time (1858).

The sensation created by the forcible and grand style of the young master was profound. For the first time people understood how all the demons of the orchestra, broken loose and in revolt, could drag the multitudes after them even from the worship of the Carnival. To excite this Leviathan orchestra is nothing, but to quell it at will with a gentle *quos ego*, is it not a prodigy of power and of will?

Never in its palmy days had the ball of the opera known the popularity which it enjoyed under Musard. All Paris went as much to hear Musard's stirring quadrilles, and to see the ball itself, and when the Palais d'Industrie was opened in 1855, a brilliant offer was made to him to give up his own concerts and conduct the orchestra of the wonderful Jardin d'Hiver, in the Champs Elysées. The twenty-three balls given at the Jardin d'Hiver produced more than four hundred thousand francs, to represent the veritable triumph of taste and good management. The beautiful maiden of the fairy tale, whose words were diamonds and rich gems, could not have done more.

But great as was his triumph in the Champs Elysées, it was not unmingled with a regret that he had permitted his old *locale* in the Rue Vivienne to be demolished. He was anxious to resume his concerts under his own name, and at the first opportunity concluded his contract at the Jardin d'Hiver. There was in the Rue Basse du Rempart a splendid house called the Hotel d'Osmond, which had been abandoned by its natural hosts, and which industry had not been able to keep from disengagement. During and after the Exposition it had submitted to all sorts of metamorphoses, with but little credit or profit to the various speculators or to the owners of the mansion. Musard wrote two words in letters of fire on the front of the building: "Concerts-Musard," and the public which seldom forgets a great name, said at once, "We must go in!" Thus what others had failed to do with the most extraordinary announcements of the most extraordinary exhibitions, Musard accomplished by the simple mention of his name.

The Hotel d'Osmond is a princely palace. Each saloon (and there were more than twenty) is decorated with the lavish luxury of intelligent wealth and good taste. Every ornament and decoration has its local coloring appropriate for its destination. It was in these rooms that the grand society of the Restoration used to gather; men most distinguished in letters and in arts, women whose wit and beauty belong to history; here they assembled and enjoyed such fêtes as have never been given since. Alas! how had it changed when Musard once more made it the resort of the bright world. At the two words, "Concerts-Musard," the spacious entrances were found too small to give ingress to the crowds that besieged and blocked them up. A human stream which, like the river Pactolus of the Mythology, was filled with grains of gold, soon engulfed and overflowed the vaulted chambers of the hotel, and swept through them with the force of a mountain torrent. At the command of Musard, a fairy palace, with golden lattices and vaults of flowers, and vases of China supporting candelabras chased by Benvenuto, was erected in the gardens. From the triumphant orchestra of the *maestro*, love, ecstasy, animation and happiness gushed forth in a melodious current; the world of Gavarni and of Balzac followed the orchestra. All who lived for light and glory—the sons of the Muses, of the pencil, of the chisel; all those who had wit, and all those who knew how to make use of it, found their way to this enchanting Florida, where the elixir of youth seemed indeed to be restored to the world. And there, last but not least, you behold those charming Parisian dames, whose *nonchalance* and light indifference lend themselves so gracefully to the coquetry of the fan; those dames who know how to give to silk the roundness of an arch, and who still astonish the world with their neat little boots, their prim head-dresses, their saphy-like tresses; those who in Balzac's novels used to be called *lionnes*.

La lionne has disappeared.

There are now Musardines only.

Many chroniclers, and amongst others the witty writer of the *Comédie Parisienne*, M. Albert Second, have recounted the origin of the Musardines. Not one has told the exact truth; but it is always in this way that history is written.

A constant visitor at Concerts-Musard was a young girl to whom was given the sobriquet of "Susannah the Pale." She was indeed pale as the snow; her eyes of a deep blue, her lips vigorously drawn together, her hair cut short like Madame Alboni's, gave to her appearance a strange, mysterious air of originality. A little of a musician, a little of a painter, a little of a poet, "Susannah the

Pale" was one of those enthusiastic natures who, as a poet has said, are

"Salamanders of love in the flames."

The appearance of this mysterious damsel at the Concerts-Musard night after night excited the curiosity of the *habitues*, and the strict decorum of her behavior became more and more inexplicable. At length the truth was made known: she had fallen in love with the handsome Musard, but he, alas! was indifferent to the passion of the blue stocking and the female artist, and took no notice of her. Far from imitating this prudent example, the lovely maiden repaid night after night to the concert, wearing around her fair neck a little cravat exactly like that worn by the *chef d'orchestre*, and fastened with a jewel, amid the golden arabesque of which might be detected the cypher "A.M.," that is to say the initials of Alfred Musard.

And from this circumstance arose the name of Musardine, which has since been extended in its application to all those of the female sex who patronise the concerts of Musard.

THE ACTOR.

I WAS travelling one winter in the midland counties, across country, and out of the line of railway civilization, when I was stopped by stress of weather at a small country inn. It was an inn where there were no books, no newspapers, nothing to amuse one, or [to help while away the blustering time. It was a lone house, mouldy and dark; and not even my blazing fire and couple of tallow candles could send the darkness fairly out of the room where I sat. I am a sociable man, and dislike solitude, and was beginning to feel uncomfortable, when some one knocked at the door: it was my host himself.

"Could you accommodate this gentleman with a seat in your room, sir?" said he, motioning to a human shadow behind him in the dark passage.

"Certainly, certainly," said I, glad of a companion on any terms. "You are welcome to share my room, sir," I said to the shadow, giving the fire an extra stir in token of hospitality.

"I am much obliged to you; I will not intrude on you long," said a singularly musical voice; and a man—still young, counting by years, but heavens, how aged by suffering!—came forward. He drew his chair to the fire and sat down.

"There is a tragedy here," said I to myself, as I watched my visitor, his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands, staring fixedly into the fire. His hollow eyes—bloodshot, wild, with swollen lids and tangled lashes—looked as if it were years since he had known a night's real sleep—as if, indeed, he never slept, as other men, at all. His cheeks were fallen, wrinkled and sallow; his lips were parched and drawn tightly over his teeth; and his hair was worn about the temples, and hung thin and wiry down to his coat-collar. His dress was of jauntily cut, but the seams were white, and the edges threadbare; his hat was limp and battered; his shoes worn down at the sides, and unbrushed. Gaunt and shabby, wild and ill, he looked the very picture of mingled hunger and despair; and yet he seemed to be the wreck of former beauty and nobleness.

After a time I roused him from his stupor, for it was more stupor than reverie; and as the evening wore on he became quite well acquainted. I found him a man of some reading, of refined mind and extensive though ill-grounded education. His manner was singularly beautiful, alternating from great sweetness and even elegance, to a rude, harsh, abrupt wildness that made me ask myself whether he was not somewhat dangerous. However, on the whole, my society seemed to calm him; and of his own accord he told me his story, which I will give as simply and shortly as I can, omitting all the rhapsodies, both of love and hate, with which he interwove and obscured it.

He had been an actor many years ago, he said, at the small theatre at Kingsville; and his name was Louis Delmare: a French name, but his extraction was French. Full of the wildest ambition and most daring hopes, he had taken up his profession as an heroic art, seriously, almost religiously, in the belief that he was destined, not only to immortalise his own name, but also to elevate and restore the drama. He was very handsome then, he said, with a frank smile; and he aspired to live according to the highest ideal of honor and integrity. The drama was to him the impersonation of poetry; and the poet, whether writer or actor, should be equal to his thoughts. His endeavors were recognised; and he was well aware that his reputation stood almost as high as his ideal.

The Cochrane were among the great people at Kingsville. Mr. Cochrane was a county magistrate, a railway director, the friend of the lord-lieutenant, himself the high-spirited in his turn, and intimate with the bishop. He was rich, had a flourishing genealogical tree, the roots of which went down to most orthodox table. But for himself he was not worth much. Vain and empty, nothing but his inherited position, and that outside varnish which every man of the world must necessarily acquire, justified his claim to the noble rank of gentleman. His religion was the dignity which lies in birth; his creed, contempt of all beneath him. Intellect with stars and ribbons round its neck was a respectable profession for a man; but intellect in rags he despised. Every profession, excepting the renowned four, he regarded as a trade. As for artists and actors, that kind of people were so immeasurably below him that they were removed out of the sphere even of his contempt. We do not despise dancing dogs or monkeys. But he patronised the theatre at Kingsville warmly, partly because it was the fashion with the garrison there, which was commanded by an earl's eldest son who called him "Cochrane," and admired Rose. And Rose, his daughter, patronised it too.

Rose Cochrane, aged nineteen, and just returned from a finishing school at Paris, was one of the belles of Kingsville. She was a small, slight, fair-haired girl, with dark eyes and eyebrows, in strange but very beautiful contrast to her fawn curls and pure complexion. A look of fire and energy was in her face, even only with one type of fair-haired woman, an unusual even with that type. Even in the tame transcript of painted ivory for the actor showed her miniature, which he wore suspended round his neck. I could see how passionate, extreme and wilful she must have been; but, I should say, kind-hearted too. The weak points were in the narrow head, where there was neither conscience nor poetry, and in the full, flush and indistinctly defined lips, whose wavering lines and sensuous expression took still more painful meaning from the positive eyebrows and the fire of those dark eyes. But she was very lovely; and young men do not fathom the moral quickness of beautiful girls, kind-hearted and perfectly well-bred.

Louis Delmare was the talk of Kingsville and the despair of the Kingsville womanhood. The girls were all in love with him to a fabulous degree: "At least so they told him," he said. And Rose Cochrane naturally heard him spoken of, but not before she had noticed him herself. Louis said he could see how her eyes shone and how brightly she smiled as she leaned over the edge of her box, when he came on in his plumes and slashed velvet, looking so beautiful and proud; and absorbed though he was in his art, he was not so wholly lost as not to feel somewhat as all men would feel at such unequivocal signs of interest from such a source. But his vanity was touched rather than his sympathy, and he felt flattered more than interested. He certainly acted with more spirit when she was there, but he did not remember her the next morning. She was a pleasure as yet, gentle and inspiring, but bringing no fever and leaving no lassitude: a vision of grace and beauty when she appeared, but no abiding thought when she withdrew.

One day a delicate, scented, pale, pink envelope, directed to "Louis Delmare, Esq., Theatre Royal, Kingsville," was delivered to him at rehearsal. It was an anonymous letter, written in the small, pointed, careful characters of a very young woman, as if the pen had been quite new and the writer had taken a great deal of time about her work. It was full of girlish enthusiasm about Mr. Delmare's *Don Cesar de Baza*, wherein the hero's handsome face and picturesque dress were evidently uppermost in the writer's mind. The letter ended with hoping that Mr. Delmare would excuse the liberty the writer had taken; and in token that he was not displeased, begged him to wear that night a white rose in his buttonhole: "she should understand, then, that she had not annoyed him by her frankness." It was signed, "Mr. Delmare's warm friend and admirer."

At first Louis flushed with pride and pleasure; then, thrusting the little note into his waistcoat-pocket, but not crushing it either, he said to himself, "Some silly girl who has nothing better to do than to go mad about an actor because he wears a doublet and a sword." But he wore the white rose in his buttonhole for that.

The Cochrane were at the theatre; Rose looking infinitely lovely. Louis gave her one long look, his hand on the white rose in his breast, and knew then who was his correspondent. At the close of the play, when he was called before the curtain to receive the homage of the Kingsville audience, Rose, leaning forward to bow to the commandant's sister, let her bouquet fall on the stage, close to the actor's feet. Her father was exceedingly wroth at this misadventure. He hustled about the box, spoke loud and thick, and sent half a dozen footmen scamping behind the scenes for his daughter's bouquet; giving her in the mean time a paternal lecture on the impropriety of leaving out of boxes, on the folly of taking flowers to the theatre at all, and on the awkwardness of holding them too loosely. Rose bore his lecture with marvelous meekness; the pleasure of her perilous heedlessness was worth its penalty. When the bouquet was returned, the centre bud was wanting. It was her turn now to know that she was discovered and understood.

Still, even with this most unusual encouragement, Louis Delmare, being an honorable as well as a rational man, put Rose Cochrane far out of his mind, as a beautiful impossibility of whom it was madness to dream. He thought she was very kind for one of her position, but still she could be nothing to him; and it was a dangerous game to begin; therefore he put it resolutely aside, after just one transient struggle.

A few weeks passed, and then another pink note was delivered to Louis. Still addressed to keep up the *incognito*, this note was written in a very different tone to the first. There was a strain of girlish pique running through it that would have been irresistibly comical had it not been so sadly dangerous. The note taunted him with being "proud" and "cold" and "indifferent to the opinion of all, young as well as old;" said that "he evidently bore a tallman in his heart that steeled him against every one in Kingsville; though, perhaps, if he knew who his present correspondent he would not quite despise her friendship;" and much more in the same strain. That evening the Cochrane were not at the theatre.

A few days after this he was walking in the Estforth woods. The Estforth was the river that ran through Kingsville. Suddenly rounding the boll of an old oak that stood in the middle of the path, he came face to face with Rose Cochrane walking with her father. In the hurry of the moment, confused and startled, he bowed. Mr. Cochrane raised his cane to his hat, as great men do when saluting their inferiors—something between a salute and a menace. He thought Louis raised his hat to him, and was pleased at this mark of respect from the young actor. Rose knew the bow was for her, and returned it with a smile and the faintest possible inclination of her head. And as she passed—Louis was on her side—she let her hand touch his and leave there the wild flowers she had just gathered. It was such a small, swift, dainty action—the girl was so graceful, the flowers were so pure and fragile—that the actor said even to this day he could scarcely convince himself that it was not a fairy—he once met in the woods who gave him those withered flowers. And he showed me a packet of vegetable dust—still graceful, fragile, wild flowers for him. But more than that, a little word was whispered in passing that nearly took away his breath to hear: "To-morrow, here," said Rose Cochrane, looking shyly into his eyes.

That night Louis Delmare was almost mad; all night through he walked restlessly about the room in a state of ungovernable excitement. "For she is no wife for me," said Louis to himself. "And where will all this end?"

However, the night wore its close, and the next day came, and with it a glorious sun and an unclouded sky. At three in the afternoon Louis Delmare was by the old oak in the Estforth woods, drawn there by almost magnetic force, scarcely going of his own free will. He had not been there long before he heard the light voices of girls borne down the stream; and Rose, and her young cousin Jessie, a girl of about fourteen years of age, came laughing through the wood. Louis, half uncertain what to do, went up to them; and Rose, to conceal from Jessie that there was anything strange in the meeting, spoke to him as to an old acquaintance. In a little while the child was out of sight, picking flowers by the river's edge.

He never knew what it was he said that day. He remembered nothing but a fair face looking bashfully into his, dark eyes shining from among masses of fair curls, a hand that yielded itself to his without resistance, soft words murmured bashfully for all the boldness of the deed, with the summer sun shining, and the summer birds singing overhead. He said that the remembrance of that day was like some most beautiful poem read once, and now almost forgotten. It was as if he had seen a glorious picture or heard divine music: it was not a page of an earthly book, soiled in the turning. Poor Louis! it would have been well for him had that page of life never been turned.

Rose entered into this adventure with the handsome actor with all the recklessness one might have expected from a girl of her nature. She meant no harm; she did not even mean to be serious. She was dull in that heavy old life at Kingsville, and she courted this adventure as a little excitement. She thought Louis very handsome, and she fancied herself in love with him; and like most school-girls, talked mock-herosics to herself, and asserted the democratic teaching of love. The excitement and novelty of a stolen love-affair pleased her, the very danger roused her courage and gave it an additional zest; and Louis was only too happy—the struggle over now—to drift down that pleasant danger with her. Day after day, and week after week, they met in the Estforth woods or in the Cochrane grounds, till the summer sun was changed for autumn dews, and even the shadow of the winter stole on; and during all that time—that fervid, feverish, happy time—young Louis had never dared do more than touch the dainty little hand laid in his with his lips, as though it were a queen's.

One wet chill night—an off night—Louis was sitting by his fire, sad and dispirited. It seemed as if with the summer brightness all his joy and glory had faded too. He could not meet Rose now in the woods, nor in the garden by moonlight, as he had so often done; and how could he live without her? She had become as necessary to him as light and air; and he should die if he lost her now. He buried his face in his hands, and to the shame of his manhood, felt hot tears trickle through his fingers. A light step came up the stairs, a light knock was heard at the door, small fingers gently turned the handle, and a graceful figure enveloped in shawls and veils came hurriedly forward. Louis started up, and Rose Cochrane, smiling, trembling, half-frightened and yet glad, laid her hands in his. Her recklessness—he called it trust in him and courage—solved the problem of their meeting; and their winter's evenings were as numerous and as dear as their summer's ones had been; but more dangerous to them both, and at last ending in detection.

Free as she was, Rose had still much difficulty in making faces square with appearances; and in such cases her excuses for her evening absences, they could not always be well contrived. Her maid, too, turned traitor, and whispered her young mistress's secret to more than one; so that the affair got known and bruited abroad, the report spreading wider and higher, till at last it rose up to Mr. Cochrane's ears. To go down into his daughter's room, where she was sitting by the window opening on to the lawn—the window through which she had so often passed to meet her lover; to break open her desk, and seize on a packet of letters lying with a portrait there; to accuse her in a voice that echoed even to the servants' rooms of far deeper crimes than her heedless imprudence had ever dreamed of committing; to curse her as his dishonored child; and to strike her heavily as she stood before him—all this was the work of one short moment, and the first intimation to Rose that she was discovered.

That night she fled to the actor's house, and before her absence was discovered they were both out of reach and far away; and so gained the end, and were married before they could have been overtaken, if even pursued. But Mr. Cochrane did not pursue them. He disowned his child, disinherited her, and forbade her name to be ever mentioned before him. And in a few months after he married the bishop's eldest daughter; and Rose was swept off the social records of Kingsville as if she had never been.

At first all was love and happiness in the actor's household. The very novelty of the life amused Rose, and compensated her for the loss of her former luxury. Everything was so strange; it was like visiting a foreign country. Her husband was so handsome, too, so tender, so loving, that her days passed like beautiful love-songs set to a noble measure; so that between pleasure and happiness, amusement and love, and the gloss of novelty ever all, Rose Delmare was entirely content. And Louis' life was like a poem written in Heaven.

The actor's great domestic endeavor was to keep his young wife untouched by the great-world. But Rose, whose curiosity and love of experience were insatiable, insisted on not being treated as a fine lady, and on cordial fraternization with the whole troupe. She was too much her spoiled darling yet not to have her own will in all things; and he allowed her to make the acquaintance of some among the best of his comrades, since she urged it so earnestly; though she soon grew more intimate with them than he liked. However, he trusted to his own influence to counteract any ill effects that might befall her from these associates; and she reassured him by constantly repeating how different and superior he was to all the rest. Flattering words, said by a young wife between smile and caress, reassured a man's heart so easily! It was scarcely wonderful, then, that he hoped and believed with more faith than previous.

For himself, he studied harder than ever, with even more conscientiousness and grave ambition; working now for the honor of two names, not only of his own, but of the name of his wife. But as time wore on, he not unfrequently considered within himself whether he should not leave the profession altogether; for slowly, slowly—but oh so steadily!—he was aware that a moral change was creeping over Rose, and that the gloss and freshness and beauty of her nature were withering under the influence of the world in which she lived. It was not by any overt act, nor by any positive word, that he was made aware of this; but by the hundred unconscious revelations of domestic life which silently make their mark without showing clearly where the lines begin. And seeing this, he reproached himself bitterly; and fiercely that he had ever taken her from her own sphere to surround her with such baneful influences. He forgot all that she had done, all her temptations, all her witcheries, and looked on himself as her wilful unprovoked destroyer; cursing himself for the curse he had brought on her. But if he said anything of this to Rose, she laughed at him for prudery and conventionalism, and said he was cross and harsh. In the midst of all this tumult of mind, beaten down by work and anxiety together, Louis fell ill, and his salary stopped.

At first he was too ill to know or feel anything; but after wandering on the borders of the grave for about six weeks, he turned back to life and consciousness. His first thought was for Rose, and how had she fared; who had been her friend; how had she been supported; how had she supplied her with money? He looked round the room, and saw things new and elegant about him. Instead of misery, he was in the midst of luxury; his illness seemed to have brought him wealth, not poverty. What did it all mean? He asked his beautiful Rose, standing by his bedside; George Thynne, the "Irishman" of the troupe, sitting on the bed swinging his legs. But Rose and George laughed; and Rose told him there were ladies in the world still, and the ladies had given her gold; and George Thynne observed with an oath, "that the missis was a regular brick." And Louis was too ill to say more for that day.

George Thynne was a gay, rollicking, good-tempered fellow, full of all sorts of fun, but full of talent of a certain order; he was invaluable in his company, ready and able to turn his hand to anything, and always willing to do a kindness for a comrade. But he had not the faintest approach to principle in any order, and had only that kind of superficial affection which makes a man love something, no matter what or whom; if not a dog, then a cat; if not Emma, then Jane; and Paul is as good a friend as James. Yet he was the most popular man of the troupe, and a general favorite with women, ugly as he was. This was the man who had been Rose's great friend during her husband's illness, and who had really been of service to her.

"I was pained at her choice," said the actor; "but I loved her too well, and respected myself too much, to be jealous or suspicious. I thought it a pity; for I felt that his familiarity and coarse goodnature could have done her no good; but I was obliged to acknowledge his kindness, and to accept the rest for the time. Would to God I had been more suspicious and less self-reliant!" he added bitterly, pacing about the room.

One day, when he had recovered so far as to sit up in the drawing-room, George and Rose playing at "spitkins" beside him, a knock came to the door, and two policemen entered. They brought a warrant to arrest Rose Delmare on the charge of forgery.

Pressed for money during Louis' illness, unable to confront poverty, terrified and bewildered, and really not knowing the gravity of her offence, she forged the manager's name to sundry cheques, the form of which she learnt from her accommodating friend; and owing to the absence of the theatrical commandant, the money was paid; and the forgeries not discovered until now. She thought that Louis would make it all right when he got well—he would work out the money; after all, it was only an advance that she had got, for the manager would have to pay him some time. She did not reflect that she had drawn in six weeks the salary of a year, and spent two-thirds of it on useless vanities.

There was no attempt at defence. Rose confessed, and was convicted, and condemned to imprisonment. The beautiful girl, fresh from school, who smiled on the young actor from her box, was now a felon dressed in the prison dress, and confined in a prison cell. And Louis Delmar's career was destroyed by the same blow which destroyed her fair fame. He obtained permission to see her often, and took lodgings near the prison where she was confined. He threw round her the mantle of his great-hearted love, of his manly protection, and surrounded her with a very jealous respect. In these gloomy prison walls he brought her all the poetic love, the manly tenderness, the careful adoration, of his first days. She was again Rose Cochrane, queen and fairy, and he her humblest and her warmest worshipper. That first night when she came to see him in his Kingsville lodgings, and he made her a throne apart on the sofa, folding his velvet mantle as a cushion for her head, and turning her small feet, resting on a heap of plumes and satins, to the fire—even then he was not more respectful to his gracious mistress, when he wished to mark his gratitude for her confidence, than now, when he spoke with his felon wife in the prison ward. If he could prevent her self-humiliation, he felt she might yet be saved. But with self-respect he knew that she would lose the last remnant of moral worth left to her; and alas, she had not much now to lose!

When her time of punishment was ended, Louis took his wife to a small village down in Devonshire, where he intended to live, partly by teaching such pupils as he might find there, and partly by writing for the magazines and periodicals. But Rose was again the influence of her late change of grace wore off, she grew impatient of the dullness; and anxious for change she wished her husband to go back to his old profession, and his old troupe. "They will be kind to me," she said, with burning cheeks. "They understood me, and knew that I meant only to be good to you; that I never meant to do wrong."

Louis was resolute against this suggestion. He had sacrificed his own ambition once and for all—perhaps not without many a bitter pang; but he had sacrificed it, and resolutely, and he was not one to go back on the past. When Rose saw that her temptations—urged "for his sake"—were useless, she tried tears for herself. These failed as the rest had done, though they nearly broke his heart. When all her prayers and tears and coaxings and caressings had failed alike, Rose then turned to passion and contempt, and poured out the bitterest invectives and the most stinging reproaches she could frame. But Louis could accept even her scorn for her good, and what greater sacrifice was needed to show the depth and true manliness of his love? At last, suddenly, she changed to something of her former self, only that every feeling of personal affection for her husband had gone. Hitherto flashes of love had come in between her wild fits of madness, like music through a storm; but now, though the storm was hushed, the music was dead. She was gay, then as she had been; she smiled when she met him, laughed when he laughed, played to him, and sang; but if he approached her she retreated, and either wept or turned against him with fury if he caressed her. He took this as a transient disease, and bore with her tenderly, as a mother watching patiently by her sick child, looking for the time of cure.

And now Rose began to go out a great deal alone, and was sometimes absent for hours. When questioned as to where she had been, she would give some impossible account that could not have satisfied any one, still less a husband jealous for her good. Louis, without wishing to be suspicious, could not be blind to the fact that much was going on of which he was kept in ignorance, and which it would be best for all if he knew. He spoke to Rose so tenderly and gently—both her little hands in one of his, and his arm round her waist; he implored her to confide in him as her truest and nearest friend, who loved her more than his own life, and who would give that life for her good. Rose cried and looked frightened, and denied that she was doing anything wrong at all; so Louis kissed her, she shrinking and turning her cheek to his lips. And that evening passed over, perhaps a little less painfully than the preceding ones.

The next morning Louis was walking to the village to give his day's lesson to the squire's son, when he came upon George Thynne, lounging by the four-crook road.

"What, George, you here?" cried Louis, feeling strangely disturbed. Were the old evil influences to be renewed? he thought; was he never to find a safe asylum for her?

George laughed his rollicking laugh, but looked embarrassed too. "Why, yes," he said; "I have just come down on a little private business of the governor's. But who ever would have thought of finding you here? How long have you been in this hole, eh?"

"About four months. Didn't you know we were here?"

"How should I?" said George quickly. "Did you ever write to one of us?"

"No, certainly," answered Louis; "I had my own reasons for not writing. I did not wish it to be known where I was."

"Then how should any one know where you were?" said George with a loud laugh.

Yet Louis felt certain that he did know somehow; for he was neither frank nor cordial enough for a surprised meeting; and why was he so embarrassed? After a little more talk they parted, and Louis went on to the village to give his lesson; but his heart was heavy, and his imagination filled with sad forebodings. He made the lesson as short as he could, and went home, running all the way; for he had a horrible idea that he should find Rose lying dead on the threshold. He thought he heard her crying his now for help, and that he was too late to protect her. His nerves strung to the tension of madness, he sprang through the open door. On the threshold lay her glove, and by it a faded tarnished white rose. The night when a fair girl fell her stainless blossoms at his feet; the golden dreams of those first beautiful days of love and fame and honor; the glorious jewel which had led down to the desolate path of the present, where his priceless jewel lay burnt to blackened ashes, and his dazzling bubble had burst into this mist—all passed through his brain like a stream of fire, and he fell fainting to the ground. When he recovered, he found that his wife had gone; he did not need to know the name of her companion.

"But I will find her," said the actor, tremulously; "I will find her, if she be on this living earth. It was my fault—mine alone; and I must expiate the sins of both. I took her from her home and associated her with unfeeling companions—and yet, God knows, I tried to keep her from them. I terrified her with the solitude of that lonely country place, though I thought to shield her best in such a retreat; but I should have remembered how young she was—headless, too, and vain and light and fond of pleasure. I should have thought of all this and have provided for it. I did what I believed to be best, but it was ill done and I lost her. Yet she shall be found again. Yes, she must be brought back to her only true asylum—here—here, in my burning heart. Oh, she must be found! And in a new country I will earn her a new name, and once more set her before the world to be honored and respected. Rose, Rose, you shall not be lost!"

I shall never forget the cry with which the actor said these words; then suddenly that passionate anguish changed to a wild restlessness. "I must go now," he said; "I have waited too long. I must go. Perhaps at this moment she is waiting for me; asking vainly, 'Where is he?' No rest, no rest, till she is found," he muttered. He flung open the door and hurried through the passage. As he reached the stairs he looked back and waved his hand. A sad smile wandered over his worn face, and in a voice, whose excess of tenderness and deep pathos made my eyelids moist, he said, "Never fear, friend, I shall save her yet. God will not leave her to perish; I shall find her, never fear." And so, waving his hand again and smiling, he rushed down the narrow stair, and disappeared into the winter darkness of the night.

"Poor fellow!" said my landlord, tapping his forehead and shaking his head; "I have known him, for a matter of five years now, come and go just like this. He is quite harmless—leastways I never knew any ill of him; but he is always a looking for this runaway wife of his, who, I have heard, was not worth her cost. Maybe now he won't be back again for a twelvemonth or so; and then he will come in just like this and tell his story to anybody he can find, and then go off. Any more, sir? Your room is quite ready, sir."

THE JAPONICA EPISTLES.

MRS. SERAPHINE BROWN, WASHINGTON, D.C., TO MR. BROWN, IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

I must own, my dear husband, I'm out to the quick At your never once writing, tho' you knew I've been sick. I thought yesterday, I was taken so bad, I was going to die—I wish now that I had— For life at the best is a very *triste* day, Without a poor woman can have her own way. Some poet has said, "What is life without passion, Sweet passion of love?" How those scribblers will dash on! The fool must have meant, what is life without fashion? Oh, Brown, when I'm dead—now, husband, don't sigh, 'Tis a very hard case, but we've all got to die! Yet the two hardest cases are, Brown, you and I. (That's what I call giving a hit on the sly; For not e'en a wife always likes, to his face, To call her old brute of a spouse a hard case.) Though, by way of a pun—yet don't think I am scoffing— Whether rosewood or pine, the hardest case is a coffin! Oh, hang that FRANK LESLIE—this strange punning caper Has got into my pen all from reading his paper; But I warn him again, if he publish my letters, I'm a woman who *risks*, therefore one of "his betters." I have little to tell you—for the Smythes are so slow— And Rosina is trying to hook a rich beau; That employs all her thoughts, but, poor creature, I fear She stands little chance while your Seraphine's here; For though I'm not vain, yet men are not quite Such noodles as not to use sometimes their sight. We went Tuesday night to a spread at the White House, Where the rooms were so crowded we found it a tight house. They began to arrive at a quarter past eight, There were very few coaches, so we hadn't to wait; For most of the visitors, as the walking was clean, Came in that conveyance called a *ten-foot* machine. They may prate what they please about such queer stuff As "all men are equal," but I've seen here enough

To give my opinion that Democracy's low, And as a free woman I don't fear to say so. Oh, if we but had a noble Queen o'er us, To be Prima Donna, with nothing to bore us, With "our own little set" to make up the chorus, And you, Brown, as Prince Albert, in Field Marshal boots, Meant for warriors to wade in the blood of low brutes, Just up to their middle, as ditch carters do, Such a strong pair of leathers is courage for two!

But I'm wandering, dear Brown, from the White House, and so I back to my subject, as in duty bound, go. I must tell you McManus, who keeps guard at the door, Is a very fine man, with good temper for four; When he saw us approach he bowed lowly down, And said to those round him, "Here's the rich Mrs. Brown!"

What a magic must lie in that little word "wealth," So prized beyond virtue, wit, valor and health. One book, it's the Bible, I think, *entre nous*— That's French, my dear Brown, and it means "twixt us two"—

Makes the strangest mistake, for it says, smooth as honey, That "Money's the root of all evil"—that's funny— When the real cause of evil, my dear 's, want of money.

That's plain to the meanest capacity—e'en you, My own generous husband, must own it is true. Do you recollect, love, that old stupid fool

Who befriended your mother, and put you to school, When your own father died—who then made you a clerk In the store he then owned—how we work in the dark!

From thence to a partner, through his friendship, you climbed, For the money he loaned you was so aptly timed, That you paid for your share; you remember the dinner You gave the old major, poor rum-sodden sinner!

And don't you remember how he then took to drinking, Through knowing some actors—and you took to thinking How you and his partners could swindle him some

Fine day out of his share, through his love of bad rum? And do you remember the day he came down From his home in Westchester, to dine with us, Brown?

How you tempted him on—how he drank—till at last He signed that small paper, which bound him quite fast— And how the next day at the store you spoke flat, And woke up the fool to what you were at—

I have always admired you, dear husband, for that! But I'm really digressing—I'll commence, dear, again— Let me see—we were asked by dear Harriet Lane— But I've told that before—oh, my poor 'wildered brain!

We lounged in the crimson room just for a minute, To get a rough glance of the visitors in it; They all wore that smile, so vulgar and willing, As tho' they were being ambrotyped for a shilling.

We then sought the blue room, where the *clite* are found, For every one here is for something renowned— Either genius, or dulness, corruption, or truth— For inventing a leg, or a gun, or a tooth.

"Your name?" cries the marshal—I think Hoover he's called— Some fool blazes "Tompkins" when "Hopkins" is bawled. "Glad to see you, Mr. Hobson!" the President says, Shakes the fool by the hand, who thereon goes his ways.

We stood by Miss Lane, whom the papers declare To be quite Anglo-Saxon, and bewitchingly fair; She was still dressed in black, which does so become her I should not be surprised if she wears it all summer;

While next to her smiled the lovely Miss Brown, Robed in white, with her flounces trimmed gradually down— Tipped with pink, while a green wreath encircled her head. There was Thomson close by—he who never looks fed—

And Senator Dickinson—really he looks Like one of those sages we see in our school-books; And Houston was near him—then came Colonel May, With his beautiful wife—Josephine, I should say—

For when she was only Miss Law, as you know, We were very great friends, but these things soon outgrew. Sir Gore Ouseley was there with his beautiful dame— She's a Yankee, I hear, but I don't know her name—

And the lovely Miss Bartlett, that Juno-like creature, How like her dear mother in form and in feature. There was Senator Hale, with his lady in red, And his daughter in white, with wild flowers on her head—

Altho' I must say that her trimmings in blue Were not in the best taste—but that's quite *entre nous*. Mrs. Appleton sat with those glorious eyes, And that beautiful silk, with its bright rainbow dyes,

While walking about with that queer kind of swing, I beheld our Assistant Postmaster King, Who seemed proud of his beautiful daughter in pink— She looked like a bottle of walking red ink;

They were chatting and laughing with General Black, Who was beaming a belle, I saw only her back. And the fair Miss Van Zandt was there with a beau— I have seen him before, but his name I don't know;

And Cornick, the world-renowned reaper, I spied, Who was leading about his newly-wed bride. Mrs. Bens, Mrs. Bigler, Miss Windle, were present— Indeed there was too much of a mob to be pleasant.

General Cass, Floyd and Toucey were all hived together, All talking of Kansas, or p'raps of the weather. Apropos, let me name, that too many demeaned 'The occasion by wearing kid gloves newly-cleaned!

Which gave out a loud perfume by no means divine— A sort of cross breed between spirits of wine And a very strange dash of the best turpentine! But I must break off, for as I'm a sinner,

I have only two hours left to dress now for dinner. *Au revoir* till I see you again, "husband mine," As they say in the play. Your own

SERAPHINE.

By-the-by, just to prove you are wrong now and then, I take up again for a minute my pen, To refute what you said, "that no woman you knew Ever wrote note or letter, or yet *billet doux*,"

Without adding a postscript—sometimes indeed two! I had nearly forgotten to tell you, my dear, I have met with "a bit of an accident" here;

For in coming away I was eased of my purse, But there's some consolation—it might have been worse— For there were only five hundred odd dollars or so— There might have been double, dear Brown, as you know.

Of course I have drawn, though much 'gainst my will, On my generous husband another small bill.

NURSING YOUR OWN COOK.

I NEVER could make out why the world was so slow in realising the pleasure of smoking a cigar, for if we are to believe history Sir Walter Raleigh was the first inventor of smoking. I had almost written smoke, but I forgot the volcanoes and chimneys must have been in full blast long before Sir Walter's time. I am not surprised that the world got on so slowly the first five thousand five hundred years. I am rather astonished that it went on at all, but perhaps it was waiting for the first pipe. The masses are not aware what philosophy there is in a smoke, or what a quantity of smoke there is in philosophy. If a man, when he gets into a passion, would only smoke a cigar before he makes a fool of himself, he would avoid many a mortification. Who ever heard of any one committing a murder, or a robbery, or indeed any crime when he had a cigar in his mouth? Some one has said that Goldsmith was a wise man when he had a pen in his hand, and in like manner I say every man is a philosopher when he has got a cigar in his mouth.

I like to commence my day with a mild Havana, and close it with one. As Shakespeare says, "Man's little life is rounded with a smoke!" Some editors have it "sleep," but I like smoke better, and have altered my copy accordingly. I thought the other night that my box of cigars reminded me of so many beings waiting for the spark of fire to give them a life, just as our clay bodies before the Promethean spark sets them off on their course of existence. Some men live longer than others—some cigars smoke out sooner, or are knocked out of our mouth, or the flavor is disagreeable, and the thing

is not worth finishing; some men are genuine men, others were miserable bogus imitations. In like manner some cigars are real Havanas, while others are mere cabbage leaf. A man and a cigar are very much alike, especially when they are bad. Indeed, the simile holds good in many shapes. Some men use their fellow-creatures as they do their cigars—smoke them to the stump, and then throw them away.

I always find a smoke revives within me the fire of my youth. I recollect various little events in my life, which no doubt would be lost but for my cigar. I verily believe, but for the soothing influence of the weed, I should have been in a great rage the other night, but I could not afford to lose my quiet smoke before dinner, so I took my wife's blowing up with the meekness of a Christian. 'Pon my word, it was laughable—I may as well tell you, so here goes. I live a few miles from the City Hall, and consequently ride in the railway cars to and from my business. Everybody knows how crowded these generally are, especially towards evening, when men of business are returning to their virtuous homes. Last week I got into the car, and esteemed myself lucky in securing a seat near the door. I was absorbed in a pleasing anticipation of the cosy little dinner awaiting me at home, and the kind greeting of my amiable but rather high-spirited wife. I ought to tell you that my name is Snoggs. Although the car was quite full when we started, yet, of course, the villainous conductor stopped at each block to take in some more, and at last there was really not standing room for a pin. Now I make it a point never to give up my seat—if Queen Victoria or the Empress Eugenie were to get in I should offer her my lap, but not my seat. Again the car stopped and took in *one* more passenger; little did I dream who that *one* was, or the fatal consequences in store for me. This *one* was in a few seconds half-pushed and half-wriggled herself right before me; now, it is not pleasant to have a lady's hoops "bobbing" against your nose every minute, so choosing, as I considered, the least of two evils, I said, "Madam, you had better sit on my lap!" She replied by depositing her lovely form plump on my knees, and I, to keep the swelling balloon-like crinoline from rasping the skin off the tip of my nose, put my arm around her waist. This delicate attention to the fair is really so much a matter of course in these detestably crowded cars, that I never thought anything more about it, but with my fair and unknown burthen on my lap went on calculating whether my dear wife would have the turkey boiled or roasted. It was only last week I had a fair Hibernian on my knee, with a gallon of train oil which leaked and perfumed my wardrobe for a week. However, to return; it didn't matter to me whether I was dry nurse to a millionaire's daughter or a butcher's wife, she was a woman in distress, I was an American merchant, and my gallantry was appealed to—lastly, I could not help myself. A block before we reached the street where I reside my fair *incognita* got out, and I prepared for my departure at the next stoppage. I then noticed for the first time, sitting nearly opposite to me, Mrs. Tobbs, an acquaintance of my wife's, and a most inveterate gossip. Bowing to her, I was somewhat surprised at a haughty toss of her head, as though she resented my recognition. As I had only a few nights before sent her my opera ticket, I could not account for it. I, however, set it down to her having been to a prayer meeting, or some other religious revival. When I got home I was welcomed by my wife, ate a first-rate dinner, played at chess, smoked a cigar, and slept like a top, as every happy married man should do.

Next day I rode up, wonderful to say, without any traveller on my knee. As I entered my hall I was told that Mrs. Snoggs wanted to see me in the drawing-room. On entering it I was somewhat surprised to find her father, mother, two biggest brothers, two cousins (both military men), and half a dozen unmarried aunts—all old maids of a most decided turn of mind. Instead of responding to my greeting, they gave me the stiffest of all upper lips.

"Heyday!" said I; "Mrs. Snoggs, what's the matter?" "I am astonished at your audacity!" replied my wife. "Does not your own conscience tell you in thunder tones?"

"Most decidedly not!" I returned. "Oh!" said my wife, sobbing, "I have at last discovered your perfidy! Under my own roof, too—under my very nose! Oh, I shall go mad!"

"Before you do go mad, Mrs. Snoggs, pray tell me what the devil you are driving at?" I said, angrily. Here my wife sobbed hysterically.

"Poor child!" ejaculated her mother. "She's too good for you!" "Did you ever know a woman who was not too good for such monsters as men?" sneered one of those walking vinegar cruets, her maiden aunts.

"My daughter shall have justice, sir!" cried her father. "My sister shall have vengeance, sir!" growled the brothers. "The family name shall have satisfaction!" snarled the cousins.

"To think in what a monster's power my poor lamb has been for three long years!" said the mother.

The poor lamb here looked so much like a tiger, that I, not having a cigar in my mouth, here lost my temper, and blazed out into, "Madam, as your husband, I insist upon knowing immediately why you have collected this precious menagerie without my permission? If you do not give me a satisfactory explanation, I shall order you as well as them out of my house!"

"And you really pretend not to know the cause of my indignation?" said my lamb-tiger.

"I do, most *distinctly*, as Mr. Lester calls it," I responded. "Oh, the villain and deceit of man!" exclaimed the antiquities. "Mr. Snoggs," said my wife, with an air of such solemnity that I felt half inclined to laugh, "where did you and that impudent hussey spend the day yesterday?"

"What impudent hussey?" I demanded. "Oh, you know well enough who I mean! Why, Betty!" hissed my wife.

"And who the devil is Betty?" I demanded. "My housemaid!" my lamb thundered, "and I presume the next Mrs. Snoggs!"

"Where did I and Betty, the housemaid, spend yesterday?" I repeated, mechanically. "I never set eyes on her, except when she waited on us at breakfast."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Snoggs," fiercely demanded my lamb, "that Mrs. Tobbs did not see you and Betty in the cars last evening; and that, not contented with the usual method of escorting a lady, you must needs insist upon her sitting upon your knee, with your arms tenderly wound around the horrid creature's waist? Oh, Mr. Snoggs, you never show me such tenderness when we ride in the cars!"

Here the lamb discharged near a pail of water from her eyes, and cried like a catarrh.

"Oh, that's it," said I. "The murder's out. What! was that smart lady, who was obliged to take my knee last night for want of a better seat, Betty our housemaid? Well, that's the best joke I have heard for many a long year!"

"You'll find it no joke," cried my lamb. "I have packed your Betty off, and my brother, the lawyer, will commence a suit for divorce immediately!"

As I now saw the whole affair in a philosophical light, I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you five minutes to clear out; Mrs. Snoggs can remain if she thinks proper. I assure her, most solemnly, I was not aware it was Betty. If that's not sufficient, I refer you to my lawyer. I shall go and smoke my cigar, as it wants ten minutes to dinner time."

So saying I went to my room, lit a cigar, smoked myself into a state of pity for the shortsightedness of my fellow-creatures, and hearing the door close, I went to the room, where I found my tiger in tears. She had wept herself dry of her nonsense, and next hour we were sitting before the grand tableaux of the "Relief of Lucknow," at Wallack's Theatre.

A Nebuchadnezzar.

The Rev. Dr. M'C., minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining at a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of crabs being presented after dinner, Dr. M'C., who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person; and as he ate with his fingers, with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a bit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with, "Dr. M'C., ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar!" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetable devourer replied: "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I am eating among the brutes!"

VIEWS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Our large engraving gives a fair view of the imperial family of Russia out sleigh-riding on the smoothly frozen surface of the Neva.

Little is known in this country of the surpassing beauty of the equipages belonging to the principal personages of the court at St. Petersburg. The splendid horses of the imperial cortège are

It is a fine spectacle to see these magnificent horses, with all their spirit roused, flying over the glittering surface of the Neva like wind, yet obedient to the slightest pressure of the rein. After a two hours' ride, during which the islands at the mouth of the Neva are nearly all passed,



EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE IMPERIAL FAMILY SLEIGH-RIDING ON THE FROZEN SURFACE OF THE NEVA.

the cortège returns to the Palace de la Tauride, where mantles, furs and wrappings are thrown aside, and the evening is passed in festivity.

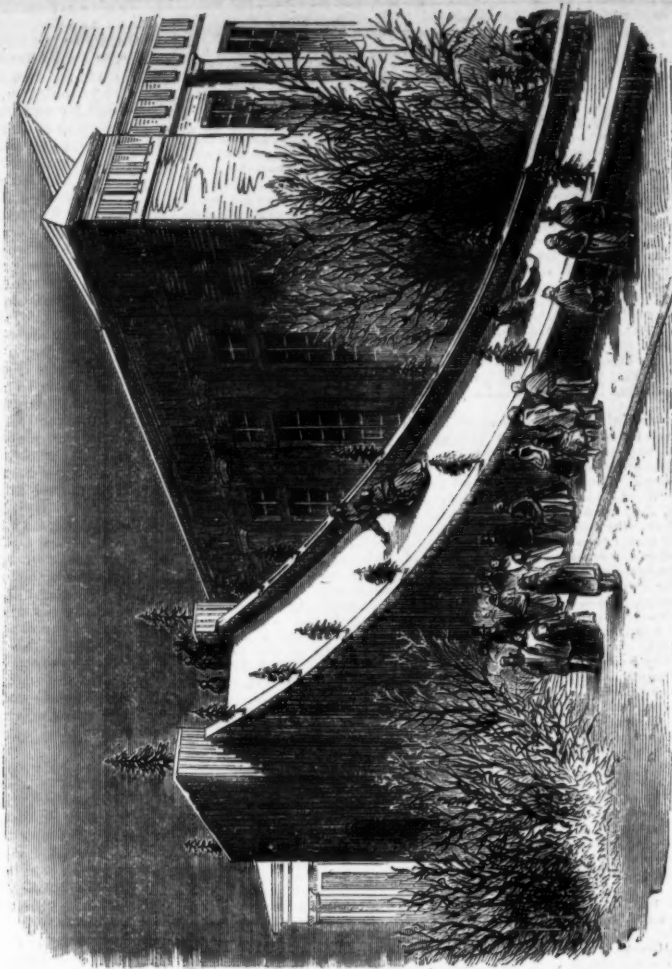
One of the most popular winter amusements of St. Petersburg consists in skimming up and down on the artificial esplanades, that are there prepared, in sleds. The participants in this sport start from the top of one that descends, and acquire sufficient momentum ere reaching the bottom to send them up to the top of the next ascent without difficulty, and so on through the whole series. On a clear, bright day many spectators assemble to look upon this lively diversion.

Some of the winter costumes worn in the coldest depths of the season would be extremely ridiculous to our unaccustomed eyes. Every precaution is obliged

celebrated everywhere. They are of the famous race of Orloff, of great strength, supple and nervous limb, and graceful shape.

The imperial sleighing party generally consists of twelve sledges, each drawn by eight horses, then come smaller ones drawn by four horses, and troikas. In the first equipage is the Emperor, the Grand Duchess Marie and Mary de Leuchtenburg, several of the royal princesses, counts, barons, &c.

to be taken against freezing to death; the men go about in long cloaks and huge fur mufflers, that surround the head and neck like the ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's time; and the women are no less carefully bundled up in wrappings, capes and mantles.



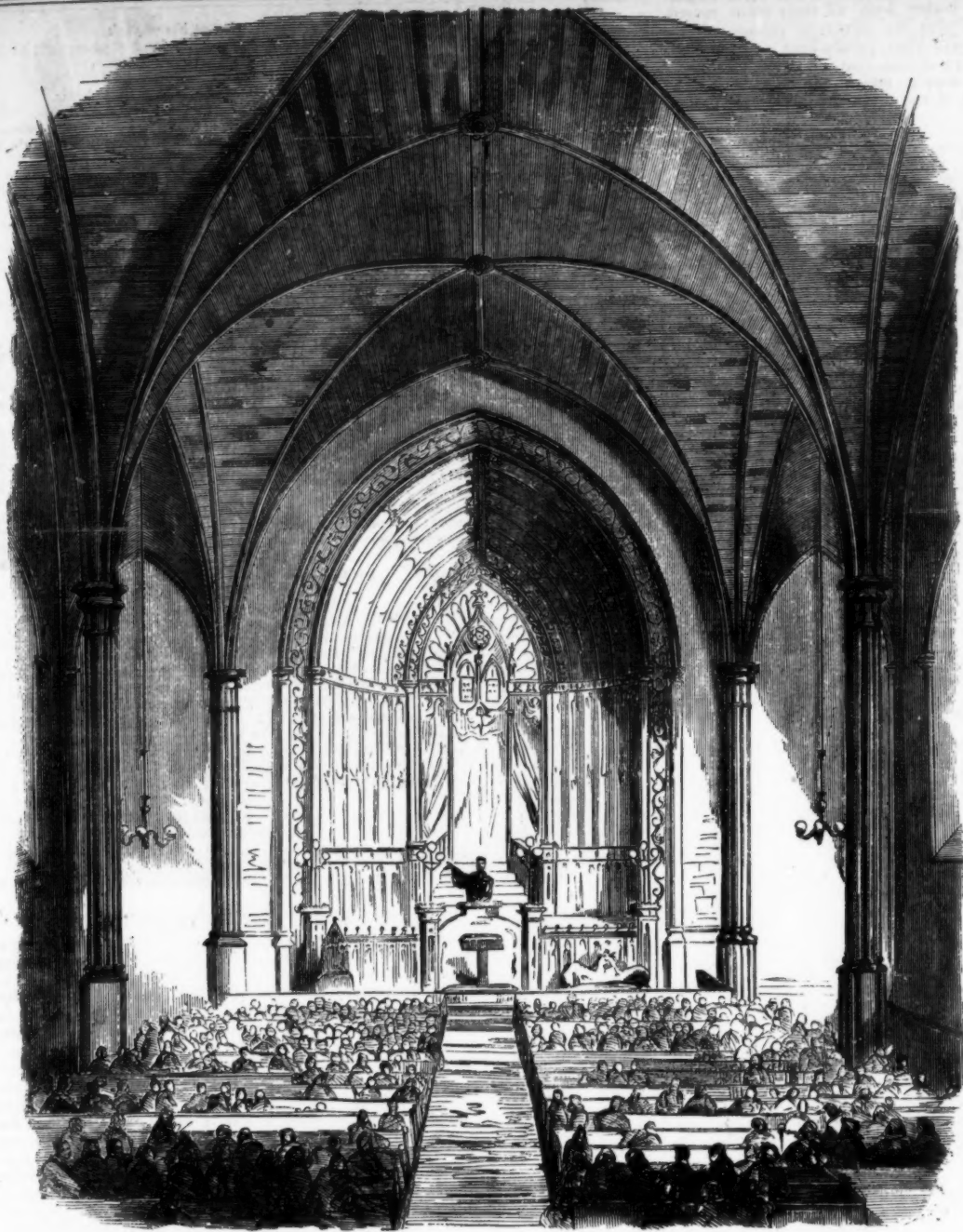
WINTER AMUSEMENT IN RUSSIA.

INTERIOR OF JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Authors have not agreed as to the era when the Jews first had synagogues. Some refer it to the time of the ceremonial law, and others to a period after the Babylonian captivity. In Jerusalem there were at one time four hundred and eighty synagogues. In London there are at present but six, while in New York there are fifteen, showing that the entire religious freedom enjoyed by the citizens of the United States, is favorable to the Jew as well as the Christian. Synagogues were first formed after the return of the Jews to the Holy Land. The rule was, that a synagogue was to be erected in any place where there were ten persons of full age and free condition ready to attend the services of it. Others consider the ten *baitnim* to have been ten elders, or stationary men of the synagogue. The services performed in the most ancient times, and which are still faithfully followed, consist of prayers, reading the Scriptures, and preaching and expounding them. Prayers are contained in the Liturgies. The reading of the Scriptures consists of these portions: the "Shema," certain selected passages from Deuteronomy and Numbers, the Law and the Prophets; other parts of the service are mentioned several times in the New Testament, Luke iv. 16; Acts xiii. 5. The times of the synagogue service were three days of the week, Monday, Thursday and Saturday, besides the holy days. The ministration of the synagogue is not confined to the order of the priests; the elders or "rulers" of the synagogue were persons qualified and duly admitted of all tribes. The interior view of the synagogue in Twelfth street, gives at a glance the characteristics of similar places of worship throughout the world. The women occupy the galleries; the men, with their hats on, sit below. The present revival movement in this city has developed the fact, that many Christians attend Jewish synagogues, and that many Jews attend Christian churches.



RUSSIAN COSTUME WITH THE TERNOM FEB 16 FROSTES BELOW ZERO



INTERIOR OF JEWS' SYNAGOGUE, TWELFTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE KING OF DELHI.

CAPTAIN HODSON, who captured the King of Delhi, has written a detailed account of the matter, which is very interesting. He says that upon taking possession of the city gate of Delhi, reports came in that thousands of the enemy were evacuating the city by the other gates, and that the King also had left his palace. We fought our way inch by inch to the palace walls, and then found truly enough that its vast arena was void. The very day after we took possession of the palace he received information that the King and his family had gone with a large force out of the Ajmere Gate to the Kootub. He immediately reported this to the general commanding, and asked whether he did not intend to send a detachment in pursuit, as with the King at liberty and heading so large a force our victory was next to useless, and we might be besieged instead of besiegers. General Wilson replied that he could not spare a single European. Captain Hodson then volunteered to lead a party of the Irregulars; but this offer was also refused, though backed up by Neville Chamberlain.

During this time messengers were coming in constantly, and among the rest one from Zeenat Mahal (the favorite Begum), with an offer to use her influence with the King to surrender on certain conditions. These conditions at first were ludicrous enough—viz., that the King and the whole of the males of his family should be restored to his palace and honors; that not only should his pension be continued, but the arrears since May should be paid up, with several other equally modest demands. I need not say these propositions were treated with contemptuous denial. Negotiations, however, were vigorously carried on, and care was taken to spread reports of an advance in force to the Kootub. Every report as it came in was taken to General Wilson, who at last gave orders to Captain Hodson to promise the King's life and freedom from personal indignity, and make what other terms he could. Captain Hodson then started with only fifty of his own men for Humayoun's Tomb, three miles from the Kootub, where the King had come during the day. The risk was such as no one can judge of who has not seen the road, amid the old ruins scattered about of what was once the real city of Delhi.

He concealed himself and men in some old buildings close by the gateway of the tomb, and sent in his two emissaries to Zeenat Mahal with the ultimatum—the King's life and that of her son and father (the latter has since died). After two hours passed by Captain Hodson in most trying suspense, such as (he says) he never spent before, while waiting the decision, his emissaries (one an old favorite of poor Sir Harry Lawrence) came out with the last offer—that the King would deliver himself up to Captain Hodson only, and on condition that he repeated with his own lips the promise of the Government for his safety.

Captain Hodson then went out into the middle of the road in front of the gateway, and said that he was ready to receive his captives and renew the promise.

You may picture to yourself the scene before that magnificent gateway, with the milk-white domes of the tomb towering up from within, one white man among a host of natives, yet determined to secure his prisoner or perish in the attempt.

Soon a procession began to come slowly out, first Zeenat Mahal, in one of the close native conveyances used for women. Her name was announced as she passed by the Moulvie. Then came the King in a palkee, on which Captain Hodson rode forward and demanded his arms. Before giving them up, the King asked whether he was "Hodson Bahadur," and if he would repeat the words made by the herald? Captain Hodson answered that he

would, and repeated that the Government had been graciously pleased to promise him his life and that of Zeenat Mahal's son, on condition of his yielding himself prisoner quietly, adding very emphatically, that if any attempt was made at a rescue he would shoot the King down on the spot like a dog. The old man then gave up his arms, which Captain Hodson handed to his orderly, still keeping his own sword drawn in his hand. The same ceremony was gone through with the boy (Jumna Bukh), and the march towards the city began, the longest five miles, as Captain Hodson said, that he ever rode, for, of course, the palkees only went at a foot pace, with his handful of men around them, followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment.

It was wonderful to see the influence which his calm and undaunted look had on the crowd. They seemed perfectly paralyzed at the fact of one white man (for they thought nothing of his fifty black sows) carrying off their King alone. Gradually as they approached the city the crowd slunk away, and very few followed up to the Lahore Gate. Then Captain Hodson rode on a few paces, and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply as he passed what he had got in his palkees? "Only the King of Delhi," was the answer; on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic than becomes ears polite. The guard were for turning out to greet him with a cheer, and could only be repressed on being told that the King would take the honor to himself. They passed up that magnificent deserted street to the palace gate, where Captain Hodson met the civil officer (Mr. Sanders), and formally delivered over his royal prisoners to him. His remark was amusing, "By Jove, Hodson, they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this!"

On proceeding to the General's quarters to report his successful return and hand over the royal arms, he was received with the characteristic speech, "Well, I am glad you have got him; but I never expected to see either him or you again!" while the other officers in the room were loud in their congratulations and applause. He was requested to select for himself from the royal arms what he chose, and has, therefore, two magnificent swords, one with the name of "Nadir Shah," and the other with the seal of Jehan Guire

engraved upon it, which he intends to present to the Queen.

Mr. George Hodson, brother of the captain, who communicated the above particulars to the British public, states that Captain Hodson, against his own judgment, but by the especial orders of the Commanding-General, spared the King's life, and that his capture was on Captain Hodson's own wish and responsibility. The end of the old king is now announced; although his life is spared he has been sentenced to be banished to the Adamain Islands, a punishment which is perhaps really more severe than death itself, and not a less effectual warning to the native rulers of India. The islands to which the King has been banished are thus described: "For some years they were claimed by the Denes along with the neighboring cluster of the Nicoban. In 1848 the Danish Government formally renounced all title to the sovereignty of these islands, and broke up their establishments on them. Some chiefs in one of the largest of the series then hoisted a British flag, and expressed a wish to place themselves under the protection of the East India Company. Nothing, however, was done in consequence. The islands remain still unclaimed territory, inhabited only by a few hundred Malays, and enjoying, moreover, an unpleasant notoriety as being the haunt of pirates." Here it is arranged that the last heir of the Moguls shall spend the rest of his days.

MARGUERITE;

OR,

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

By Marion Hudson.

CHAPTER III.—THE ORDEAL.

EUGENE rushed from the presence of the astonished group into the recesses of a little glen known as Turtle Bay, which is so retired that it would make an admirable hermitage. Here he threw himself beneath a large tree, and abandoned himself to the gloomiest reflections. The only consoling drop in this cup of agony was that he had seen his boy and had kissed his little hand. He then suddenly remembered the flowers, and drawing them from his breast, he said, as he gazed upon them, passionately, "These were plucked by my little Eugene. Alas! to think that he will remain under the tuition of a faithless woman, who will teach him to forget me, as she has done."

He then recalled every word the child had said, "True, he remarked that I was dead! Tush—and in three years forgotten me! I will not consider that as any excuse; no, I will reveal who I am—claim my boy, and leave her then in scorn for ever!"

So unreasoning is passion—so blind is selfishness—that we are ever ready to place the worst construction upon the acts of even those from whom previously we have experienced nothing but tenderness, fidelity and self-sacrifice.

Eugene sat in this appalling desolation of mind till the shades of evening gathered around. He had resolved in the first impulse of his rage to remain here and die of exhaustion, deriving a gloomy satisfaction from the thought that some letters and memorials concealed on his person would inevitably reveal to the world who he was, and thus hurl exposure on the head of his faithless wife.

When, however, this storm of passion had passed, his feelings assumed another phase. He longed to upbraid his wife, embrace his child, bless him, and then he felt he could die happily.

All these conflicting passions evidenced how tenderly he still loved his Marguerite, and how valueless life was since she had ceased to live for him.

From this half frantic state he was recalled by the pangs of hunger, for he had not broken his fast since the preceding night, when the honest mechanic had forced upon him enough to get his supper. He had slept in the woods, in a state of horror and despair beyond the power of words to express. He therefore rose to seek some refreshment, by appealing to that kindness of heart which the poor ever feel for those on the next lowest step in misery. It was now quite dark, and he had considerable difficulty in finding the road, as the spot he had selected for his death scene was in the bottom of what might be almost termed the gorge of a ravine. He had nearly climbed to the top, when his foot slipped and but for a shrub which he fortunately grasped, he would have fallen so considerable a depth that he



THE KING OF DELHI.

would most probably in that one fall have finished his mortal sorrows. After a short rest he more carefully reviewed his progress, and finally regained the lane.

When he had reached it he stood for a few minutes resolving in his mind the best plan of procuring a meal and night's lodging. Attracted by a light at a short distance he walked towards it, and found it proceeded from a neat white cottage. Knocking with his stick at the door, it was opened by a sharp, sour-looking woman, who inquired in no amiable tone of voice what he wanted.

"I want some food," said Eugene.

"Then you cannot get it here," retorted the vinegar cruet, as she closed the door harshly in his face.

The poor soldier was too deeply suffering from greater agonies to care for this rebuff. He therefore walked on till he came to a little beer-house, where he heard voices and singing. He entered and took a seat at a table where there was no one else sitting. The man behind the bar had such a repulsive appearance that he abandoned at first sight his intention of asking for some refreshment, as he felt assured it would lead to even a more annoying refusal than that he had just received from the woman. Casting a longing look on some bread and cheese on another table, and a foaming glass of ale, he gave a deep sigh and was rising to leave the room, when the stern-looking bartender came and asked what he would take to drink.

"Nothing," replied Eugene.

"Then what on earth did you come in here for?" asked the man.

"I came for some supper," returned the soldier; "but I find I have no money."

"Oh, if that's it, I'll trust you till you come again," replied the repulsive-looking man, "and if you don't come again it will not break me. What will you have?"

"Anything you like," returned the other, the tears coming to his eyes, for he was so reduced by mental distress and physical exhaustion that the slightest touch of kindness affected him.

The landlord saw the tears, and taking his hand said, "Poor fellow, you look mortal ill, that's a fact. Come in here—these chaps are noisy," and telling another to look after his bar-room, led him into an inner room, which was quite empty. "Sit down," said the landlord, "and rest while I fix your supper."

Hereupon he left the room, shutting the door after him. In another instant he returned with some ale, and telling his guest to take a good pull at it, again left him to his reflections.

Since the first draught of water he had after he was wounded on the burning plains of Mexico, never had a draught been so grateful to his taste as this. He felt revived, and when his kind landlord returned with a bounteous supply of bread and ham, his appetite was ready for his supper.

"If you don't like this, say so," observed the man with a kind voice and a mild look, totally irreconcilable with his countenance. "I have beef, eggs and cheese, but this is best for you."

Eugene thanked him warmly, and commenced to eat. When he had satisfied his hunger he told the landlord as much of his history as he deemed prudent.

"Well," replied his host, "you have had a hard time of it. That gash on your forehead was enough to kill an ox; but cheer up, I'll help you to reach home. In the mean time you can stay here all night. I had a brother killed in that cursed war; poor Jim! he was death upon being a soldier! but he did his duty—some must fight, that idle chaps like me may stay at home. You're welcome, stranger. You didn't happen to know Jim Burns?"

"No," said Eugene, "I don't remember the name."

The landlord then left him to attend the bar, and the excellent meal, the ale, and his fatigue sent the hapless Eugene into a doze, from which he was awakened by the re-entrance of his host with cigars and some excellent punch. After much persuasion Eugene joined his generous entertainer in them, and sat relating some of his Mexican adventures, always concealing his name. He gathered from his host that Mrs. Haldimar was much respected in the neighborhood, and was famous for her charities.

After some time Eugene was shown to a neat room, and he slept soundly despite his grief. When he went down stairs next morning the landlord insisted upon his breakfasting with him, and upon Eugene assuring him he would speedily repay him for his kindness, he seemed so much annoyed that Eugene apologized, and taking his hand said, "Such a man as you are is worth fighting for."

While he was sitting at the window, just as he had finished his breakfast, he was attracted by voices. He looked, and saw Mr. Haldimar and his little boy drive past in a carriage. He immediately resolved to put now into practice the plan he had formed the preceding night, and telling the landlord he would trespass upon his hospitality for a dinner when he returned, he set off for Mr. Haldimar's house. When he arrived within a stone's throw of the walls that surrounded the stately mansion, his agitation became so great he was obliged to rest against a tree. Recovering somewhat his composure, he walked up to the outer gate and rang the bell. The door was opened by a man servant, who inquired what he wanted. He was the very boy who had groomed Colonel Morrell's horses previous to his departure. But the change in Eugene was so great that he did not recognize his old employer. Morrell looked steadily at the man to be certain he was not discovered, and then said, "I wish to see Mrs. Haldimar."

No sooner had the colonel spoke, than a dog, which had been lying half asleep, started up, and commenced jumping about him. It was his old spaniel, who at once recognized his master. Conquering his emotion, Morrell patted the dog.

"Mrs. Haldimar is in," replied the man; "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her an old soldier, just returned from Mexico, and who served under her first husband, Colonel Morrell, wishes to deliver a message and a parcel to her."

The man's surly manner changed instantly. "Ah! were you with the poor colonel when he fell?" he asked.

"I was—close to him—we fell both in the same charge!"

"He was a good man," ejaculated the other; "but come in, and I will tell Mrs. Haldimar."

The few minutes that elapsed were the most torturing of all. "What if she will not see me?" thought Eugene. "What if her conscience prevents her? If she shall refuse, I will keep no terms with her—I will proclaim her baseness to the world—I will discover who I am to my old servant, Philip, and expose her to her own domestics!"

He was interrupted in these meditations by the servant's return, who said, "Follow me."

Eugene mechanically followed his guide down a long corridor, the man having had much difficulty in preventing the faithful dog from accompanying them.

In another instant he was ushered into a room somewhat darkened to keep out the sun, which was shining in all his morning glory.

On a sofa, reading, sat his wife.

"My friend," said the footman, "it is usual to take the hat off when you come into a lady's room."

"Don't speak so harshly," uttered a voice, which made the wanderer's pulses fly like fire through his veins.

Eugene disguised his voice, and said, "Your pardon, madame. I cannot move my cap—I have an ugly gash on my forehead, and wear the cap to hide it. I got it when Colonel Morrell received his fatal wound."

"You were then," said Marguerite, with great emotion, "with my dear husband when he died?"

"Yes, madame—I fell close to him in that terrible charge."

After a pause the lady recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to say,

"You have a message and a parcel for me."

"I have."

"Pray be seated," said Marguerite, her agitation returning.

"Permit me, madame, to remain as I am; my business is short, and cannot fail to be painful to you."

"I am ready to hear the message," faintly ejaculated the lady.

"The message was a sacred, solemn one, and may not be breathed in the presence of a third," said Eugene, pointing to the servant.

"You may leave us, Philip," Marguerite remarked, addressing herself to the attendant.

With an evident reluctance he left the room, not, however, quite closing the door.

"Now," exclaimed Marguerite, "relieve my terrible suspense!" Eugene walked to the door, and closing it, returned to within ten paces of the sofa on which Marguerite sat. He stood for a few minutes gazing on her with feelings to which no language can do justice. There she sat, still young and beautiful; but her mournfulness was so apparent, that his heart insensibly relented. Then,

again, the splendor that surrounded her convinced him that she had, woman-like, bartered her faith for gold, for he was at this minute unaware of the villainy of his brother, and the destitution which had compelled her to the sacrifice. In a feigned voice, but broken by his emotion, he said,

"I served under your husband, madame; he was my friend as well as commander. In that great battle where he fell, I was close to him. We must have fallen at almost the same minute, for when the enemy had retreated, I found we were lying side by side. After a little while, he said, 'Morris—that is my name, madame—I feel I am bleeding to death.'"

Eugene dare not trust himself to look upon his wife, but he heard the suppressed sound of her tears; he paused awhile, and then continued:

"Morris, the colonel said, 'if you are so happy as to reach your native land again, I pray you call upon my wife; you will find her in our dear little cottage mourning for me, though twenty years shall have elapsed.'"

A convulsive sob spoke how deep was her suffering.

"Tell her I died blessing her and our boy; tell her my spirit shall ever hover near her to bless and sanctify her widowhood."

A deep sigh, as though the fountains of her heart were stirred to their depths, burst from the agonized bosom of the unfortunate Marguerite.

"Tell her, Morris, that the pangs of death are nothing compared to being separated from her and our dear boy." As for the little Eugene—I think, madame, that is your son's name—he is young, and will soon outgrow his loss, and can forget that I have ever been; but for my dear wife, I will pledge my dying soul upon her faith—that should another dare to profane her ear by whispering love, she will tell the outrager of her sacred sorrow, 'My heart is in the coffin of Eugene—and ere I can bestow a smile on any living man, go fetch it from my husband's grave!'"

During the delivery of these terrible words, Marguerite, accustomed as she was to control her sufferings, felt an agony which, till this minute, she had never believed a human being could endure, and yet survive the ordeal. It seemed as though her dead husband's spirit was addressing her through the lips of his friend, and it was only the innate conviction of her own purity and truth that saved her from total insensibility, or madness. Fortunately the tears had come copiously to her rescue, and as Nature never betrays or deserts the heart that truly loves her, so she was enabled to go through this appalling trial with fortitude.

Finding that the soldier paused, she uttered in a faint and tremulous voice,

"You said you had some memento to deliver."

"True, madame," returned Eugene, somewhat steeled into vengeance again by her apparent composure. "I will soon finish this painful scene. The colonel then said: 'Morris, next to my heart you will find a miniature—'tis here—my own adored and faithful wife; be sure you take it not from me till I am cold and dead. Give it to her. And on my finger there is a ring; she gave me that when she swore she'd love me till her death; but touch not that till I have passed away. It contains her hair and mine, so intermingled they are indistinguishable, like our souls!'"

Marguerite at these words felt her powers so fast vanishing, that she cried in the anguish of her heart, "Father in Heaven, give me strength to bear this trial!" As though her prayer had been instantly heard, she was able to say in a firmer voice, "In mercy sake, give me those hallowed relics!"

Eugene handed them to her. She took them, bowing her head with a subdued feeling of reverence, as though it were her dead husband's hand that offered them; but before she had time to press them to her lips, the stranger soldier said in his natural voice,

"Now, Marguerite Morrell, look on the messenger, and mark him!"

As he spoke these words, he uncovered his head, and steadily confronted his wife.

She rose from the couch, and shrieking, "The Dead! the Dead!" would have sunk on the floor, but Eugene darted forward and caught her in his arms.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BELLS.

FIRST BELL.

See the golden sun
From the east ascending,
Hear the matin bells
With the wood notes blending.
The thrifty bee hath gone to work;
The fish are sporting in the brook;
Birds their nests are busy building;
Hark the bells again are pealing;
Awake—arise—and earnestly
Begin the duties of the day.

SECOND BELL.

Now like a fount of fire
The sun at mid-day seemeth.
Bright and warm rays
Down on earth he beameth.
From the hardy laborer's brow
Streams of sweat are falling now.
But hark! again the bells do call.
Cease from labor, rest ye all!
Partake of that which strength imparts,
With simple, joyful, grateful hearts.

THIRD BELL.

Golden light is spread
O'er the western billows;
Stars are glancing out
From the ether o'er us;
Pearly dew is hanging
On the little flowers;
The whip-poor-will is singing
In the leafy bowers;
And hark the bells again do call,
Cease from labor, rest ye all!
Let each one's footsteps to his home be bent,
Refreshed, the evening's sacrifice present,
Then as the Lord to his beloved gives,
Such be your sleep;
And angels loving, bright and strong,
Guard o'er you keep.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S TALE.

The Merchant of Broadway.

I was sitting in my office one afternoon, some few autumns ago, when a most respectable storekeeper of Broadway was announced. Although I was not personally acquainted with him, yet his name was perfectly familiar to me, and his reputation was of the highest order; indeed, his character for straightforwardness and honesty gave his name in Wall street a weight which many of our dashing capitalists would have been fond of. He had a disturbed look about him which men generally wear when they have received a disagreeable surprise, and are not quite decided as to how they shall act.

Telling him to take a chair, I sat awaiting his communication.

After some hesitation, he said, "Mr. District Attorney, I have come to you on a most unpleasant business, and one on which I rather suspect you will not like to interfere."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my curiosity somewhat aroused by his observation.

"Why, a merchant of great wealth and high standing in our community has twice purchased articles at my store, and paid for them in counterfeit notes."

"Well, we must arrest the merchant, however wealthy and respectable he may be. The law makes no distinction between rich and poor."

"A very pleasant legal fiction," replied my visitor, with a good-tempered smile. "I rather fear, however, you will think twice before you arrest the man who has swindled me."

"Why?" said I, rather nettled at his remark.

"Because he is not only a personal friend of yours, but he is also one of the leaders of your party."

"Who is he?" I inquired.

"Mr. ——" said the other, with marked emphasis.

"Impossible!" burst from me in utter astonishment. "There's some mistake! I have known him all my life. I would recommend a little more caution before you accuse such men of a State's Prison offence!"

"I told you," returned the other, rising from his seat and going to the door, "that you would not arrest him. Then you refuse to assist me?"

"Wait a minute," I said, "while I ask you a few questions. It is right, for the sake of all, that I should be satisfied."

"Certainly," calmly answered the other; "I am perfectly aware of the responsibility I take in accusing so eminent a man of a felony, but it is because of his respectability that I am determined to expose him. If he had been a poor man you would have sent for Matsell immediately."

Nettled at his plain speaking, I inquired what his evidence was?

"I can swear to him," he rejoined, "so can my book-keeper. Do you want anything better?"

"No. Only he may not know that the notes are counterfeit."

"That might answer for the first time," rejoined the storekeeper.

"Are you sure he is the man?" again I inquired.

"I'll swear to it! so will my book-keeper. Twice has he come to my store—the second time the money was marked. Here it is—a counterfeit eagle and a counterfeit note; pretty bold—both gold and paper bad. Now, I maintain, Mr. District Attorney, that cannot be accidental!"

Taking them into my hand I examined them; they certainly were excellent imitations. With the chance that he might be wrong in the character of the money, I rang my bell, and requested the messenger to send officer B— to me, as one of the most experienced judges of bogus money.

When he entered I handed the coin to him for his opinion.

"Counterfeit," he said, at a glance.

"And this?" said I, giving him the note.

"Also counterfeit, though well done," was the officer's response.

"Thank you," I said; "that will do."

When the officer had gone, I told the storekeeper to keep the money in his possession, and that I would not shrink from my duty, however unpleasant. It was arranged that both he and his clerk should come the next day at noon to make the necessary affidavits. After a few more words, he withdrew.

As I walked home I thought of the atrocious meanness of this millionaire, and nerved myself to my unpleasant duty.

In this place let me observe that my hesitation did not proceed from any desire to screen the accused, but from a feeling that ought to influence every man intrusted with the administration of justice—not to peril any man's reputation rashly.

I had barely got seated in my office the next morning, when the clerk of the storekeeper was announced.

Thinking he had come to make the affidavit, I sent word that I had appointed twelve o'clock.

My messenger returned immediately, saying that the clerk wanted to see me without a minute's delay.

"Show him in," I said, annoyed at his pertinacity.

He was a gray-haired, venerable man, somewhat resembling our respected Mr. Valentine.

In a voice almost breathless with emotion, he exclaimed, "Sir, the gentleman, who has twice passed counterfeit money, is now in our store, making purchases. Will you be so obliging as come and satisfy yourself?"

I seized my hat, and telling the book-keeper to hold back a few minutes, soon I reached the store.

Despite what the storekeeper had asserted, I had a strong suspicion that they had mistaken Mr. — for somebody else like him, and had determined before the affidavits were made to send for the merchant, to have him identified by the complainant and his clerk in my presence.

My astonishment was therefore unbounded when I saw there was no mistake. It was Mr. —, for he advanced without any hesitation or embarrassment, and entered into conversation with me.

In order to disarm all suspicion, I made a trifling purchase and left the store, our counterfeit money millionaire remaining to complete his selections.

In a short time the storekeeper came to my office and said, "I hope you are now convinced it was Mr. —."

"No doubt of it," I replied, shrugging my shoulders.

"Your coming, however," resumed the man, "has put him on his guard; he paid his bill in these notes, which are perfectly genuine."

"Are you quite sure," I asked, "that the gentleman I saw in your store this morning, and whom I confess was Mr. —, is the same man who has twice passed the forged notes upon you?"

"Perfectly," reiterated the man.

I know not how it was, but I felt a strong desire to postpone action in this matter. It is not my habit; but I had this feeling so strongly, that I asked the storekeeper to let the matter rest for a day or two—since he was not a man to run away!

To this he agreed.

Next morning, without waiting to be ushered in, the storekeeper almost rushed into my room, saying, "Mr. — has just now called again, and made a purchase, paying for it in these counterfeit notes. I have detained him in the store. I now demand that you send an officer with me."

Requesting one of my most trusty stars to accompany the storekeeper, I awaited their return with the prisoner in a most unpleasant frame of mind. I had known him for years—he had been a staunch friend; indeed, I partly owed my election to his influence.

In a few minutes they entered my office. Although dressed a little different, it was undoubtedly my old friend. Upon my regretting to see one I had been so long acquainted with in such a degrading position, and expressing a hope that he could explain the matter, he boldly declared that he had never seen me before, and that he had only been in New York a few days!

Directly he spoke I was convinced my former theory was correct. It was not Mr. —, although so wonderfully like him in person, that it required the sound of his voice to dissipate the delusion. I need hardly add the pleasure this gave me.

The man finding the evidence so strong against him, confessed his guilt, was tried, and sent to Sing Sing; while my suspected friend Mr. — walks about Broadway, deals as usual at the store in question, and dines now and then with me, and I meet him, without the remotest suspicion of the narrow escape he has had of being the victim of mistaken identity.

THE IMPROMPTU MARRIAGE.

"For Heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray cease this trifling, which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject, as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there, then!" cried the laughing, black-eyed girl, to whom Charles Westery spoke. "There, then, is that grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instruments. Do I suit you so?"

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch!" cried Charles, gazing, with a smile, at the pretty face, puckered up in its affection of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, and he resumed, gravely, after a pause, "The time is come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off, then, Charley!" interrupted the saucy girl, with a pretty defiant toss of her head, which plainly said, "I defy you to do it."

"I cannot, Susy, I cannot—and you know it," replied the hapless lover, impatiently.

"That being the case," said Susy, "take my advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so—it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away angrily, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally. Susy, meantime, looked out of the window and yawned. Charles continued his moody walk.

"Oh, what a beautiful bird is on the lilac tree!" cried Susy, suddenly. "Be come and see it!"

Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charley," said Susy, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly in his face, "don't you think you could manage to—"

"What, Susy, dear?" asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner. "What?"

"Drop a pinch of salt on his tail," returned the provoking girl, with an affection of simplicity; "for then, you know, you could catch it!"

His answer was to fling her off, and with a suppressed exclamation, turn angrily away.

His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations were more earnest; for he did not heed any of Susy's artfully artless devices to allure his notice. At last he stopped abruptly before her, and said, "Susy, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part! Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments towards me, you have always coquettishly refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you, as you know, better than my life; but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away to a distance, to be absent for months, and if you cannot, this very day, throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest 'yes' for my answer, I shall consider that I have received a 'no,' and act accordingly."

"And how would that be? What would you do?" asked Miss Susy, curiously.

"Begin by tearing your false and worthless image from my heart!" cried Charles, furiously.

"It would be a curious piece of business, Charles; and you would not succeed either," said Susy.

"I should, and would succeed," said Charles, "as you shall see, if you wish, cruel, heartless girl."

"But I don't wish, Charles, dear—I love dearly to have you love me," said Susy.

"Why, then," cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why, then, dearest Susy, will you not consent?"

"Remember, I said I liked to be loved," replied Susy; "I did not say anything about loving. But pray how long did you say you had been courting me, in that pretty little speech of yours?"

"Three long years," replied Charles.

"Nearly and accurately quoted, Charles. But you know my cousin Rachel was only won after five years' courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tiresome subject for two years; perhaps by that time I may be able to work myself up to the falling-in-love point—there is no knowing what wonders time may effect."

"If you are not in love now, you never will be," returned Charles, sturdily; "and I will have my answer now or never."

"Never, then," laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often severely-trying lover was now too much in earnest to bear her trifling any longer.

"Never, be it then!" he cried; and seizing his hat, he strode angrily from the room.

Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incoherent love of coquetry alienated that noble, manly heart? It smote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair, she raised the window-sash, and leaning forward, whispered, "Charles, Charles! I will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good-bye, won't you?"

As she spoke, she tore a rose from her bosom, and thrust it to him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away, as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up.

Susy spent the rest of that day in tears. Early the next morning the bustle of departure began. Susy was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a trip for her health.

As they reached the wharf and descended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for one wished-for face; but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steambest was puffing, impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, aided by the servant man who accompanied them, had already crossed the gangway which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she was longing to hear—checked her. She turned to look round, and missing her footing, fell into the water.

Another instant, and Charles, thrown off his seat, and calling out loudly, "Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope!" he sprang into the river. But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam around the wheel, but still he saw her not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned, far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl, the least movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror, fancied it was already beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get breath, he again plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's form to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless.

Charles was now so nearly exhausted that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this, his last hope of support, seemed also to fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now really beginning to turn slowly round. By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles, so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now infused into him. He gathered all his energies, and fastened the rope round Susy's waist—consciousness then entirely forsaking him. In the meantime the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles's instructions to the captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings and his semi-insensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the offered aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue.

The result of this hazardous experiment proved successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope, and a boat reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steambest, which now rapidly moved off, to make up for lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his consciousness, he found himself many miles from home. Of course his first anxious inquiry was for Susy, and when informed that she was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by turning over, and falling into a deep, quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that Miss E— desired to see him.

He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her. Her mother was sitting beside her. She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles," said she, without offering a word of thanks, "I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles, moving to the door; but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming, "Susy, you do not think—"

"That I am going to die?" said she, anticipating him. "No, Charles; but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went, and soon returned, accompanied by a minister.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Susy to the latter, as he entered. "I have a strange request to make to you. Would you object, sir, in the presence and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?"

The minister was astonished at this request. Charles was infinitely more so.

"What did you say, Susy?" said he. "Did I hear aright?"

"I believe so," said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet your approval?"

"It was heaven-inspired," cried the poor fellow, frantic with joy; but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added, gravely, "But, Susy, have you considered? Remember, I want your love, not your gratitude. I will be satisfied with nothing less."

"Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears; "be assured you have them both, and had the first long, long before you had the last."

"But, Susy, you said only yesterday—"

"Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason I must be one always? But, indeed, Charles," she added, more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife—the only scruple I have is that I am not half good enough for you."

It is needless to say how this discussion ended. The reader has already divined that Charles continued his journey; and thus in the course of one eventful day, he risked a life, saved a life, made an impromptu marriage, and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

DAVENPORT DUNN:

A MAN OF OUR DAY

By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LOREQUE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE COUPE ON THE RAIL.

ANNIE BEECHER felt it "deuced odd" to be the travelling companion and protector of a very beautiful girl of nineteen, to whose fresh youth every common object of the road was a thing of wonderment and curiosity; the country—the people—the scores of passengers arriving or departing—the chance incidents of the way—all amused her. She possessed that power of deriving intense enjoyment from the mere aspect of life that characterises certain minds, and while thus each little incident interested her, her gay and lively sallies animated one who without her companionship had smoked his cigar in half-sulky isolation, voting journey and fellow-travellers "most monstrous bores." As they traversed that picturesque tract between Chaud Fontaine and Verrieres her delight and enjoyment increased. Those wonderful little landscapes which open at the exit from each tunnel, and where to the darkness and gloom succeeded, as if by magic, those rapid glances at swelling lawns, deep-bosomed

woods and winding rivers, with peaceful homesteads dotting the banks, were so many surprises full of marvellous beauty.

"Ah! Mr. Beecher," said she, as they emerged upon one of these charming spots, "I'm half-relinquishing about my decision in regard to greatness. I think that in those lovely valleys yonder, where the tall willows are hanging over the river, there might possibly be an existence I should like better than the life of even a duchess."

"It's a much easier ambition to gratify," said he smiling.

"It was not of that I was thinking," said she, haughtily; "nor am I so certain you are right there. I take it people can generally be that they have set their heart on being."

"I should like to be convinced of your theory," cried he, "for I have been I can't say how many years wishing for fifty things I have never succeeded in attaining."

"What else have you done besides wishing?" asked she, abruptly.

"Well, that is a hard question," said he, in some confusion; "and after all, I don't see what remained to me to do but wish."

"If that were all, it is pretty clear you had no right to succeed. When I said that people can have what they set their heart on, I meant what they so longed for that no toil was too great, no sacrifice too painful to deter them; that with eyes turned to the summit, they could breast the mountain, not minding weariness, and even when, footsore and exhausted, they sank down, they arose to the same enterprise unshaken in courage, unbroken in faith. Have you known this?"

"I can scarcely say I have; but as to the longing and pining after a good time of fortune I'll back myself against any one going."

"That's the old story of the child crying for the moon," said she, laughing.

"Now, what was it you longed for so ardently?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You wanted to marry some one who would not have you, or who was beneath you, or too poor, or too something-or-other for your grand relations?"

"No, not that."

"You aspired to some great distinction as a politician, or a soldier, or perhaps as a sailor?"

"No, by Jove! never dreamed of it," burst he in, laughing at the very idea.

"You sighed for some advancement in rank, or perhaps it was great wealth?"

"There you have it! Plenty of money—lots of ready—with that all the rest comes easy."

"It must be very delightful, no doubt, to indulge every passing caprice, without ever counting the cost; but, after a while, what a spoil-child would be to be shorted the journey between will and accomplishment, and make of life a mere succession of 'faux pas'! I'd rather strive, and struggle, and win."

"Ay, but one doesn't always win," broke he in.

"I believe one does—if one deserves it; and even when one does not, the battle is a fine thing. How much sympathy, I ask you, have we for those classic heroes who are always helped out of their difficulties by some friendly deity? What do we feel for him who, in the thick of the fight, is sure to be rescued by a goddess in a cloud?"

"I confess I do like a 'good' book," hedged he all round, and standing to win somewhere. I mean," added he, in an explanatory tone, "I like to be safe in this world."

"Stand on the bank of the stream, then, and let bolder hearts push across the river!"

"Well, but I'm rather out of patience," said he, in a tone of half irritation.

"Pray don't mind me in life, and too many of them unfortunate ones."

"How I do wonder," said she, after a pause, "that you and papa are such great friends, for I have rarely heard of two people who take such widely different notions of life. You seem to me all caution and reserve—he, all daring and energy."

"That's the reason, perhaps, we suit each other so well," said Beecher, laughing.

"It may be so," said she, thoughtfully; and now there was silence between them.

"Have you got sisters, Mr. Beecher?" said she, at length.

"No; except I may call my brother's wife one."

"Tell me of her. Is she young—is she handsome?"

"She is not young, but she is still a very handsome woman."

"Dark or fair?"

"Very dark, almost Spanish in complexion—a great deal of haughtiness in her look, but great courtesy when she pleases."

"Would she like me?"

"Of course she would," said he, with a smile and a bow; but a flush covered his face at the bare thought of their meeting.

"I'm not so certain you are telling the truth there," said she, laughing; "and yet you know there can be no offence in telling me I should not suit some one I have never seen; do, then, be frank with me, and say what would she think of me?"

"To begin," said he, laughing, "she'd say you were very beautiful."

"Exquisitely beautiful," was the phrase of that old gentleman that got into the next carriage; and I like it better."

"Well, exquisitely beautiful—the perfection of gracefulness—and highly accomplished."

"She'd not say any such thing; she'd not describe me like a governess; she'd probably say I was too demonstrative—that's a phrase in vogue just now and hint that I was a little vulgar."

"But I assure you," added she, seriously, "I'm not so much of a Frenchman. It is a stupid attempt on my part to catch up what I imagine must be English frankness when I talk the language that betrays me into all these outspoken extravagances. Let us talk French now."

"You'll have the conversation very nearly to yourself then," said Beecher, "for I'm a most indifferent linguist."

"Well, then, I must ask you to take my word for it, and believe that I'm well bred when I can afford it. But your sister—do tell me of her."

"She is 'tres grande dame,' as you would call it," said Beecher; "very quiet, very cold, extremely simple in language, dresses splendidly, and never knows wrong people."

"Who are wrong people?"

"I don't exactly know how to define them; but they are such as are to be met with in society, not by claim of birth and standing, but because they are very rich, or very clever, in some way or other—people, in fact, that one has to ask who they are."

"I understand. But that must apply to a pretty wide circle of this world's habitants."

"So it does. A great part of Europe, and all America," said Beecher, laughing.

"And papa and myself, how should we come through this formidable inquiry?"

"Well," said he, hesitating, "your father has always lived so much out of the world—this kind of world, I mean—so studiously retired, that the chances are that, in short—"

"In short—they'd ask, 'Who are these Davies?'" She threw into her face, as she spoke, such an admirable mimicry of proud pretension that Beecher laughed immoderately at it. "And when they'd ask it," continued she, "I'd be very grateful to you to tell me what to reply to them, since I own to you it is a most puzzling question to myself."

"Well," said Beecher, in some embarrassment, "it is strange enough; but though your father and I are very old friends—as intimate as men can possibly be—yet he has never spoken to me about his family or connections—nay, so far has he carried his reserve, that, until yesterday, I was not aware he had a daughter."

"You don't mean to say he never spoke of me?"

"Never to me, at least; and, as I have told you, I believe no one possesses a larger share of his confidence than myself."

"That was strange," said she, in deep reflection. Then, after a few minutes, she resumed: "If I had a story of my life I'd tell it to you; but there is really none, or next to none. As a child, I was at school in Cornwall. Later on, papa came and fetched me away to a small cottage near Walmer, where I lived with a sort of governess, who treated me with great deference—in short, observed towards me so much respect that I grew to believe I was something very exalted and distinguished—a sort of 'Man in the Iron Mask,' whose pretensions had only to be known to convulse half Europe. Thence I passed over to the pensionnat at the Three Fontaines, where I found, if not the same homage, all the indications of my being regarded as a privileged individual. I had my maid; I enjoyed innumerable little indulgences none others possessed. I'm not sure whether the pony I rode at the riding-school was my own or not; I only know that none mounted him but myself. In fact, I was treated like one apart, and all papa's letters only reiterated the same order—I was to want for nothing. Of course, these teachings could impress but one lesson—that I was a person of high rank and great fortune; and of this I never entertained a doubt. Now," added she, with more energy, "so far as I understand its uses, I do like wealth, and so far as I can fancy its privileges, I love rank; but if the tidings came suddenly upon me that I had neither one nor the other, I feel a sort of self-confidence that tells me I should not be disappointed or discouraged."

Beecher gazed at her with such admiration that a deep blush rose to her face, as she said, "You may put this herem of mine to the test, once, by telling me frankly what you know about my station. Am I a princess in disguise, Mr. Beecher, or am I only an item in the terrible category of what you have just called 'wrong people?'"

If the dread and terror of Grog Davis had been removed from Annie Beecher's mind, there is no saying to what excesses of confidence the impulse of the moment might have carried him. He was capable of telling her any and everything. For a few seconds, indeed, the thought of being her trusted friend so overcome his prudence that he actually took her hand between his own, as the prelude to the revelations he was about to open, when suddenly a vision of Davis swept before his mind—Davis, in one of his moods of wrath, paroxysms of passion as they were, wherein he stopped at nothing. "He'd send me to the dock as a felon—he'd shoot me down like a dog," muttered he to himself, as dropping her hand, he leaned back in the carriage.

She bent over, and looked calmly into his face. Her own was now perfectly pale and colorless, and then, with a faint, sad smile, she said,

"Tee that you'd like to gratify me. It is through some sense of delicacy and reserve that you hesitate. Be it so. Let us be good friends now, and perhaps in time we may trust each other thoroughly."

Beecher took her hand once more, and bending down, kissed it fervently. What a strange thrill was that that ran through his heart, and what an odd sense of desolation was it as he relinquished that fair, soft hand, as though it were that by its grasp he held on to life and hope together! "Oh," muttered he to himself, "why was not she—why was not he himself—twenty things the neither of them were?"

"I wish I could read your thoughts," said she, smiling gently at him.

"I wish to heaven you could," cried he, with an honest energy that his nature had not known for many a day.

For the remainder of the way neither spoke, beyond some chance remark upon the country or the people. It was as though the bridge between them was yet too frail to cross, and that they trusted to time to establish that interchange of thought and confidence which each longed for.

"Here we are at the end of our journey!" said he, with a sigh, as they entered Aix.

"And the beginning of our friendship," said she, with a smile, while she held out her hand to pledge the contract.

So intently was Beecher gazing at her face that he did not notice the action.

"Won't you have it?" asked she, laughing.

"Which," cried he—"the hand, or the friendship?"

"I meant the friendship," said she, quietly.

"Tickets, sir!" said the guard, entering. "We are at the station."

Anneley Beecher was soon immersed in all those bustling cares which attend the close of a journey; and though Lizzy seemed to enjoy the confusion and turmoil that prevailed, he was far from happy amidst the anxieties about baggage and horse-boxes; the maid and the groom each tormenting him in the interests of their several departments. All was, however, safe—not a cap-case was missing—Klepper "never lost a hair"—and they drove off to the Hotel of the Four Nations, in high spirits all.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE "FOUR NATIONS" AT AIX.

ALL the bustle of "settling down" in the hotel over, Anneley Beecher began to reflect a little upon the singularity of his situation. The wondering admiration which had followed Lizzy Davis wherever she appeared on the journey seemed to have reached its climax now, and little knots and groups of lounging travellers were to be seen before the windows curious to catch a glance at this surpassing beauty. Now, had he been his *bona fide* property, he was just the man to derive the most intense enjoyment from this homage at second-hand—he'd have exulted and triumphed in it. His position was, however, a very different one, and as merely her companion, while it exposed her to very depreciating judgments, it also necessitated on his part a degree of haughty defiance and championship for which he had not the slightest fancy whatever.

Anneley Beecher dragged into a row for Grog Davis's daughter—Beecher fighting some confounded count or other about Lizzy Davis—Anneley shot by some Zouave captain who insisted on waltzing with his "friend"—these were pleasant mind-pictures which he contemplated with the very reverse of enjoyment; and yet the question of her father's station away, he felt it was a cause wherein even one who had no more love for the "duello" than himself might well have periled life. All her loveliness and grace had not been wasted when they could kindle up a little gleam of chivalry in the embers of that wasted heart!

He ran over in his mind all the Lady Julias and Georgianas of the fashionable world. He bethought him of each of those who had been the queens of London seasons; and yet how vastly were they all her inferiors. It was not alone that in beauty she eclipsed them, but she possessed besides the thousand nameless attractions of manner and gesture, a certain blended dignity and youthful gaiety, that made her seem the very ideal of high-born loveliness. He had seen dukes' daughters who could not vie with her in these gifts; he had known countesses immeasurably beneath her. From these thoughts he went on to others as to her future, and the kind of fellow that might marry her; for, strangely enough, in all his homage there mingled the ever-present memory of Grog and his pursuits. Mountjoy Stubbs might marry her—he has fifty thousand a year, and his father was a pawnbroker. Lockwood Harris might marry her—he got all his money from the slave-trade. There were three or four more—all wealthy, and all equivalent in position; none to be seen in clubs, to be dined with and played with—fellows who had yachts at Cowes and grouse-land in Scotland, and yet in London were "nowhere." These men could within their own sphere do all they pleased—they could afford any extravagance they fancied—and what a delightful extravagance it would be to marry Lizzy Davis. Often as he had envied these men, he never did so more than now. They had no responsibilities of station ever hanging over them—no brothers in the peerage to bully them about this—no sisters in waiting to worry them about that. They could always, as he phrased it, "point their coach their own color," without any fear of the Herald's Office; and what better existence could a man wish for than a prolific fancy and unlimited funds to indulge it. "If I were Stubbs I'd marry her." This he said fully half a dozen times over, and often confirmed it with an oath. And what an amiable race of people are the Stubbses of this habitable globe—how loosely do responsibilities sit upon them—how generously are they permitted every measure of extravagance and every violation of good taste! What a painful contrast did his mind draw between Stubbs's condition and his own! There was a time, too, when the State repaired in some sort the injustice that younger sons groaned under—the public service was full of the Lord Charleses and the Honorables, who looked up to a paternal government for their support; but now there was actually a run against them. Beecher argued himself so warmly into this belief, that he said aloud, "If I asked for something to-morrow they'd refuse me, just because I've a brother a peer!"

The reader is already aware what a compensation he found for all his defeats and shortcomings in life by attenuating the injustice of the world. Downing street—the Turf—Lackington—l'Internall—the Horse Guards—and the "little hell in St. James's street" were all in a league to crush him; but he'd show them "a turn round the corner yet," he said; and with a raucous laugh of derision at all the malevolence of fortune, he set about dressing for dinner. Beecher was not only a very good-looking fellow, but he had that stamp of man of fashion about him which all the contamination of low habits and low associates had not effaced. His address was easy and unaffected; his voice pleasantly toned; his smile sufficiently ready; and his whole manner was an agreeable blending of deference with a sort of ungraceful self-esteem. Negatives best describe the class of men he belonged to, and any real excellence he possessed was in not being a great number of things which form, unhappily, the social defects of a large section of humanity. He was never loud, never witty, never oracular, never anecdotic; and although the slang of the "Turf" and its followers clung to him, he threw out its "dialects" so laughingly that he even seemed to be himself ridiculing the quaint phraseology he employed.

We cannot venture to affirm that our readers might have liked his company but we are safe in asserting that Lizzy Davis did so. He possessed that very experience of life—London life—that amused her greatly. She caught up with an instinctive quickness the meaning of those secret springs which move society, and where, though genius and wealth are suffered to exercise their influence, the real power is alone centred in those who are great by station and hereditary claims. She saw that the great Brabmins of fashion maintained a certain exclusiveness which no pretensions ever breach, and that to this consciousness of an unassailable position was greatly owing all the dignified repose and serenity of their manner. She made him recount to her the style of living in the country houses of England—the crowds of visitors that came and went—the field sports—the home resources that filled up the day—the intrigues of politics or fashion went silently on beneath the surface. She recognised that in this apparently easy and indolent existence a great game was ever being played, and that all the workings of ambition, all the passions of love, and hate, and fear, and jealousy were "on the board."

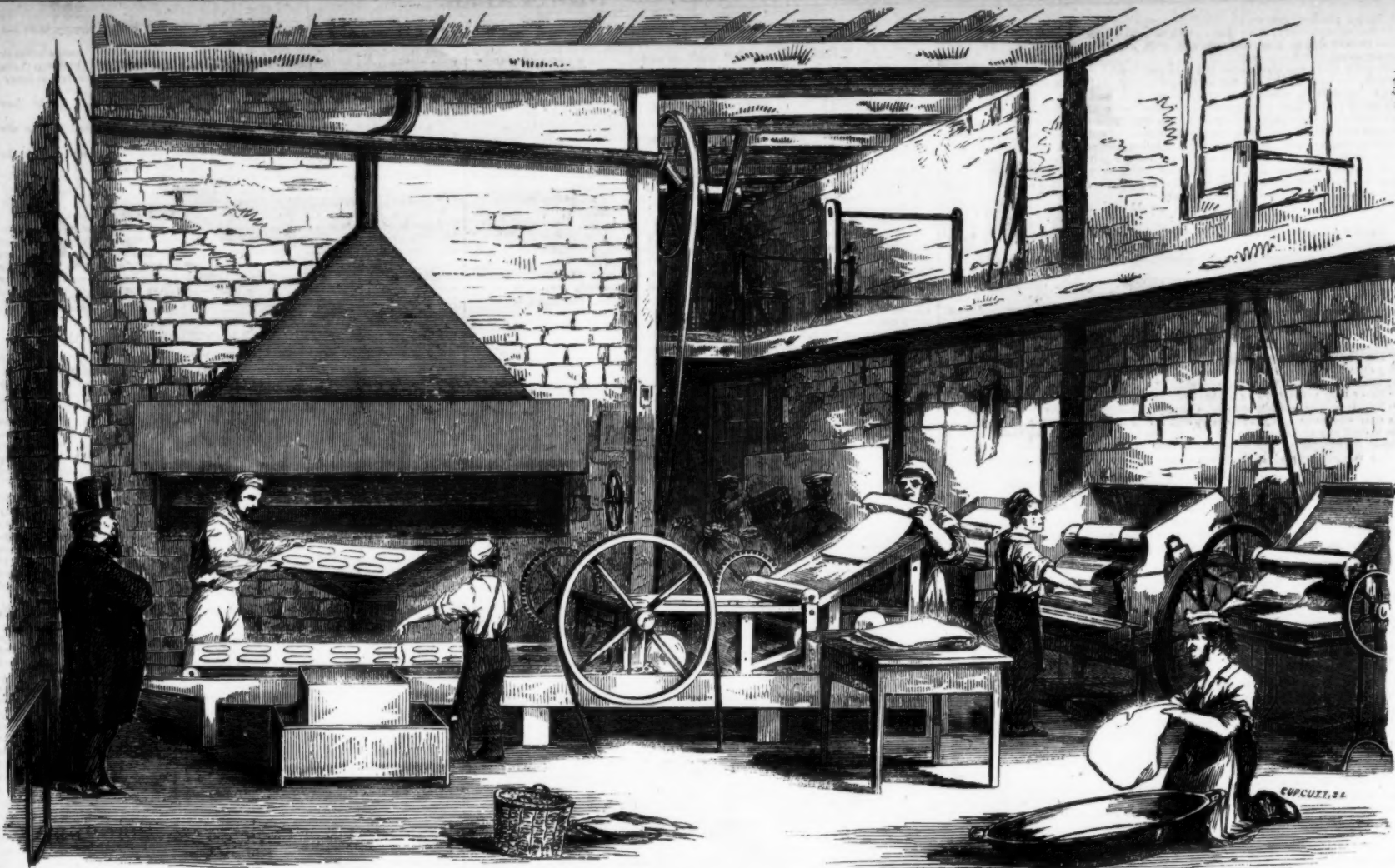
(To be continued.)

A Curious Steam-Engine.

M. Hippolyte Lamy, of Paris, has obtained a patent in this country for a curious engine, which he denominates the "Organic Engine," from the fact of its being an imitation of the human organization. It consists, says the patentee, of a heart divided into two distinct parts, each comprising two compartments or cells, one of which contains the arterial or acting steam, the other the venous steam, or the steam which has already exerted its working power. The heart is represented by two cylinders, the motion of the piston exactly simulating the motions of systole and diastole. There are two lungs, the conformation of which resembles as nearly as possible that of the lungs of animals, presenting under a given volume a very large surface. There are to be seen veins, arteries, glands and a stomach, the functions of which are of the same nature as those of the stomachs of animals. The steam represents the blood, and as the blood consists of a liquid which drifts various substances, so the steam acts, as it were, as a vehicle of the heat which constitutes the force or life of the engine. The leakage corresponds to the secretions, and the radiation of the engine may be compared to cutaneous perspiration. The inventor proposes to substitute his engine for the engines in common use on our railways, which he compares "to a man who has a vein constantly open, out of which the blood incessantly runs, and who requires a constant and large supply of food and drink in order to recover the blood lost."

A Woman's Explication for the Sins of her Husband.

The wealthy and youthful French widow of an elderly English gentleman has just astonished the Paris world by retiring to the Carmelites of the Rue de Valenciennes. The lady had begun her widowhood, which had followed very closely upon her marriage, by the undisguised announcement of her intention of making good use of the rich Englishman's fortune, and had already inaugurated the season by several entertainments of the most lively kind, when, lo! an officious *compatriote* of her late husband, having thought proper to inform her of the circumstances in which he had left England many years ago, and of the suspicious which still attach to his name, in spite of the trial and acquittal he had undergone, in one of the most extraordinary cases on record in the English courts of law. The story, of which the poor little widow had been hitherto entirely ignorant, made such an impression on her nerves, that the extreme step we have mentioned above has been the consequence. The widow was formerly an actress at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and the gentleman the hero of a tragical domestic drama, which took place more than forty years ago in England, and is yet remembered with terror in the neighborhood where it occurred. His enormous wealth was left by will entirely to the widow, who carries it as dowry to the Carmelites.



GENERAL VIEW OF PREPARING AND BAKING METZOTH, THE UNLEAVENED BREAD FOR THE PASSOVER.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER OF 1858.

By Doesticks.

Any one taking a morning walk through Chatham street will meet enough men whose low stature, shining black eyes, crisp ink hair, hooked noses, stooping shoulders, and eager movements proclaim them of the Hebrew race, to convince him that Jews are prevalent in our city in large numbers. Exactly how many thousands of the Hebrew people have their present sojourning in New York we have no means of ascertaining, but the number is very considerable, and is on the rapid increase.

The Israelitish race preserve to this day their peculiar characteristics as strongly marked, and their national prejudices in as full force as in the days of Darius, King of Persia. They exist among us, a distinct race, preserving an identity of their own, never parting with an atom of their national individuality, but whilst constantly intermingling in trade and business with the Gentiles, keeping themselves as separate from the uncircumcised dogs, in all social and religious intercourse, as if they were in a different country. They could not keep themselves more apart if they were walled out from the Christian world by an impassable chain of mountains or deep waters, instead of the intangible and seemingly unsubstantial barrier of mere religious prejudice. The Jews never intermarry with the Christian world; a Hebrew gallant may not set his affections on a woman of the Gentiles, nor can a Jewish maiden be achieved by a Christian lover, unless he will renounce his faith, undergo a strict purification, and submit himself to all the rites attendant upon becoming a member of the Jewish church. It is by this refusal to amalgamate with the people by whom they are surrounded that they preserve themselves a distinct body, while all other races and religions blend and coalesce with the natives of the country, and in a generation or two become thoroughly and completely Americanized. There are some exceptions to these remarks, but the general assertion is correct. A short chapter on some of the usages and observances of this strange people is of peculiar interest at the present time, because it is the most holy and most universally observed religious festival, the Passover, or the Seven Days' Feast of Unleavened Bread.

This feast of the Passover, as all our readers conversant with Jewish history are aware, is a yearly festival instituted to commemorate the Providential preservation of the Hebrews, when all the firstborn of Egypt were smitten by the wrath of God; on that terrible occasion the angel of the Lord passed over the houses of the Israelites; the doors were marked by being sprinkled with the blood of the Paschal Lamb. This memorable event is religiously remembered every year, and the anniversary is celebrated with the most solemn ceremonies.

This feast occurs in the month known to the Jews, as Abib, or Nisan, which corresponds to part of our March and the early part April. It is the first month of the Jewish year. The eating of the unleavened bread for the seven days of the Passover is obligatory on all of the Jewish faith, and it is observed with the

most punctilious exactitude by all, old and young, no matter how poor or rich. During the seven days this unleavened bread is the only sort permitted to be used, no meat is allowed, and no drop of wine or spirituous or fermented liquors. Fish and some kinds of vegetables are eaten sparingly.

So necessary is it considered that every family of Israelites should have a full supply of the holy bread, that large sums are donated by the wealthy of that church and by the various Jewish societies for the purpose of purchasing quantities of it to be distributed to the poor, "without money and without price." This year one wealthy Hebrew gentleman gave a thousand dollars to be expended for this purpose.

Persons are appointed whose duty is somewhat like the *colporteurs* of the Christian churches, only, instead of distributing books and tracts, they visit the indigent of their brethren who may be without the means to purchase, and inquire if they are provided with a full supply of the unleavened bread, and should any be needed it is at once furnished from some of the charitable depôts. Thus none need be without the means of properly celebrating this the most sacred of all their festivals.

The preparation of this bread is a matter of the greatest importance; every step of the process is watched by a committee, consisting of one or more of the Jewish church, lest some extraneous substance should by design or accident become incorporated with the lawful ingredients. The bread is composed of fine flour and water, nothing else; no yeast, no particle of salt or any flavoring matter, and the greatest possible care is exercised lest dust or some other foreign thing should fall into the mass of

dough, and so defile the whole. Should such an accident happen, the whole batch is immediately laid aside and used for other purposes, while the committee weigh out the flour for another experiment. The bread is not prepared in private houses, except in exceptional cases, but is baked in large quantities by regular bakers, some of whom prepare thousands of pounds every year. It is not necessary that the baker should be a Jew—the bread may be touched and manipulated by Gentile hands without being defiled, but the whole process must be closely watched by Hebrew eyes, that there may be no juggling and no introduction of improper materials.

The flour is furnished the baker by the committee, who, of course, take pains to satisfy themselves as to its purity; it is by them weighed and put into the machine, for the whole kneading process is performed by steam. When it is thoroughly mixed and worked up to a proper consistence, it is transferred to the cutting machine, where it is cut.

The unleavened bread is not made in loaves, but in large flat cakes as large as an ordinary teaplate, which resemble in appearance and taste the "hard bread" or "sea biscuit." These cakes are not all alike; some of them are about an eighth of an inch thick and are rather slack-baked, being of a very light color. This bread is for everyday use, and is of the commonest kind that is made. Another variety is about twice or three times as thick, and is baked much browner, though these are the only differences, the material being precisely the same. These latter cakes are marked with little slashes about an inch or two long, some being distinguished with one, some with two and others with three of these marks. These are to be eaten on the first second and third days of the Passover respectively.

Although the unleavened bread is made in the same machines in which other bread is made, every part of the machine that touches the bread is taken out and others substituted that have never been used for anything else. Thus separate rollers, feeding-web, cutters, and some other parts of the mechanism are owned by the Jews, who put them into the machine duly once a year when the feast of the Passover approaches. All this preparation is under the supervision of a Rabbi of some one of the synagogues. The bread is exposed for sale, and any person, whether Jew or Gentile, may get all he is disposed to pay eight cents a pound for. Hundreds of pounds are disposed of in this way, and some of the Gentile bakers make a good profit off of the Israelitish tribes, thus for once reversing the usual order of things.

Just before the days of the Passover are at hand every utensil in which food is prepared or from which it is eaten, in the house of every Jew in the country, is laid aside, and others are put in their place. This law is despotic, and is conscientiously obeyed. If a Hebrew should be so poverty-stricken as to have but a single pannikin from which to eat his scanty meals, he will find means to change it for a new one. This rule applies to all the utensils of the kitchen and the dining-room that ever

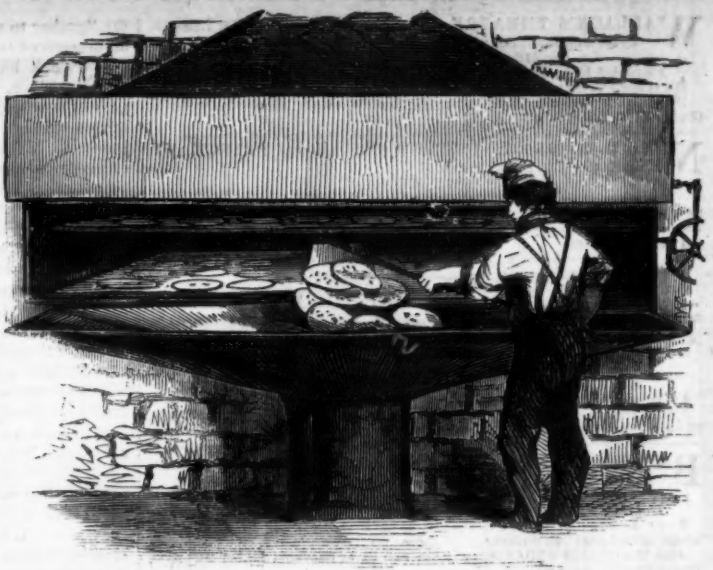


WEIGHING AND KNEADING OF THE FLOUR IN PRESENCE OF THE RABBI.



CURIOUS PROCESS OF KNEADING THE BREAD WITH A BEAM.

receivers of stolen goods, or "fences," as the thief slang has it—there is a considerable representation of the Israelitish faith among the pick-pockets and other "cross-men" of the town, but no one of these omits to pay the strictest attention to the feast of the Passover. The man who would steal into a person's house and pocket the spoons, or who would break into a store and make way with all the goods, or who would without hesitation pick the pockets of any of the Gentile tribes, is still too deeply saturated with religion to neglect his pious duties at the time of the feast of the Passover; and though he would rob his neighbors with the greatest delight, would never so far forget his duties to his church as to eat any but unleavened bread in the great feast of the month "Nisan." He might perhaps, under certain circumstances, plunge a knife



TAKING THE METZOIZ FROM THE OVEN.

come in contact with the food that is prepared for ordinary use.

When the first table is laid with unleavened bread, before the repast commences the youngest child of the family that can talk, having been previously instructed, asks the father of the family why it is that the hard, dry, unpalatable bread is set before them that day, instead of the more pleasant article to which they have been accustomed. The head of the household makes answer, that it is in remembrance of God's mercy to the Israelites in delivering them from Egyptian bondage, and then explains, if need be, the circumstances connected with the institution of the feast. Then after appropriate and ceremonious prayers the repast begins, and thus is inaugurated the first day of the Passover.

This custom is in fulfillment of the instructions laid down in the twelfth chapter of Exodus, in the following words :

"And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, what mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when He smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses."

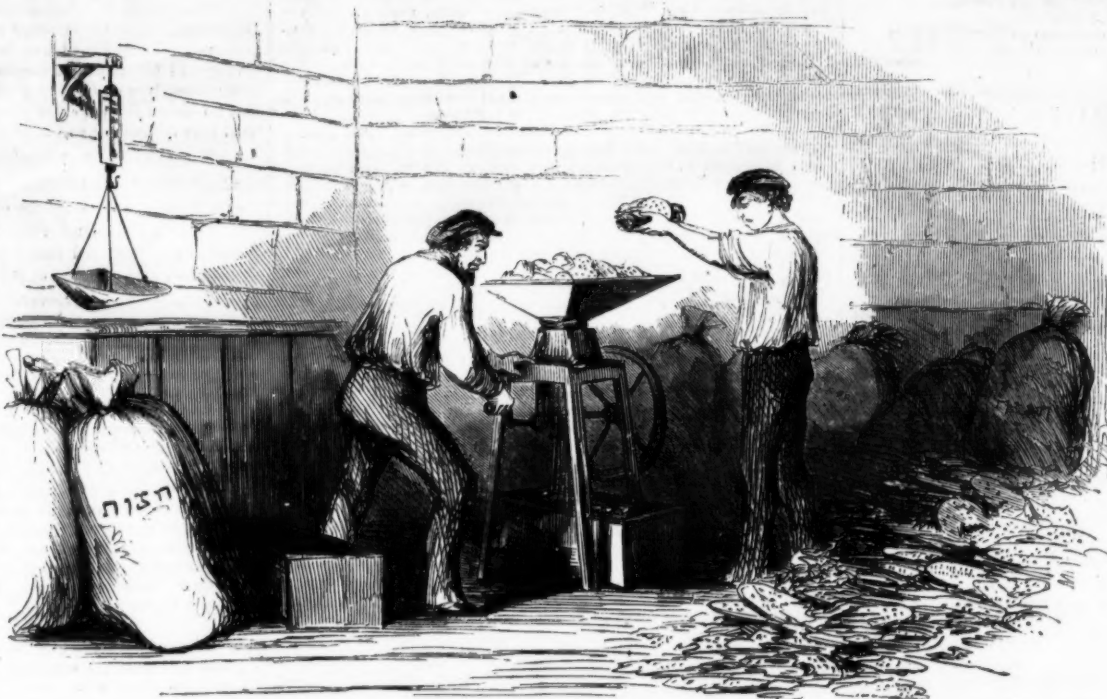
With so much reverence is this holy festival regarded, that all of the Jews, however dishonest some of them are and loose in their morals on other points, pay the strictest regard to this. There are a number of Hebrews in the city who are

into the breast of his fellow; but he would, on no consideration, defile that hand by the touch of beef or mutton, or any dead

Italy, who, sitting down to dine in the midst of the bleeding corpses of men they have just murdered, religiously cross themselves, and abstain from eating meat because it is the season of Lent.

There are fifteen Jewish Synagogues in the city, the Rabbis and Readers of which are all men eminent for learning and scholarship. There are several Jewish magazines and journals, a number of benevolent societies and charitable institutions sustained wholly by them. Few of them are members of the Fire Department or the military companies. They are, as a race, passionately fond of music, and they contribute largely to the support of the opera.

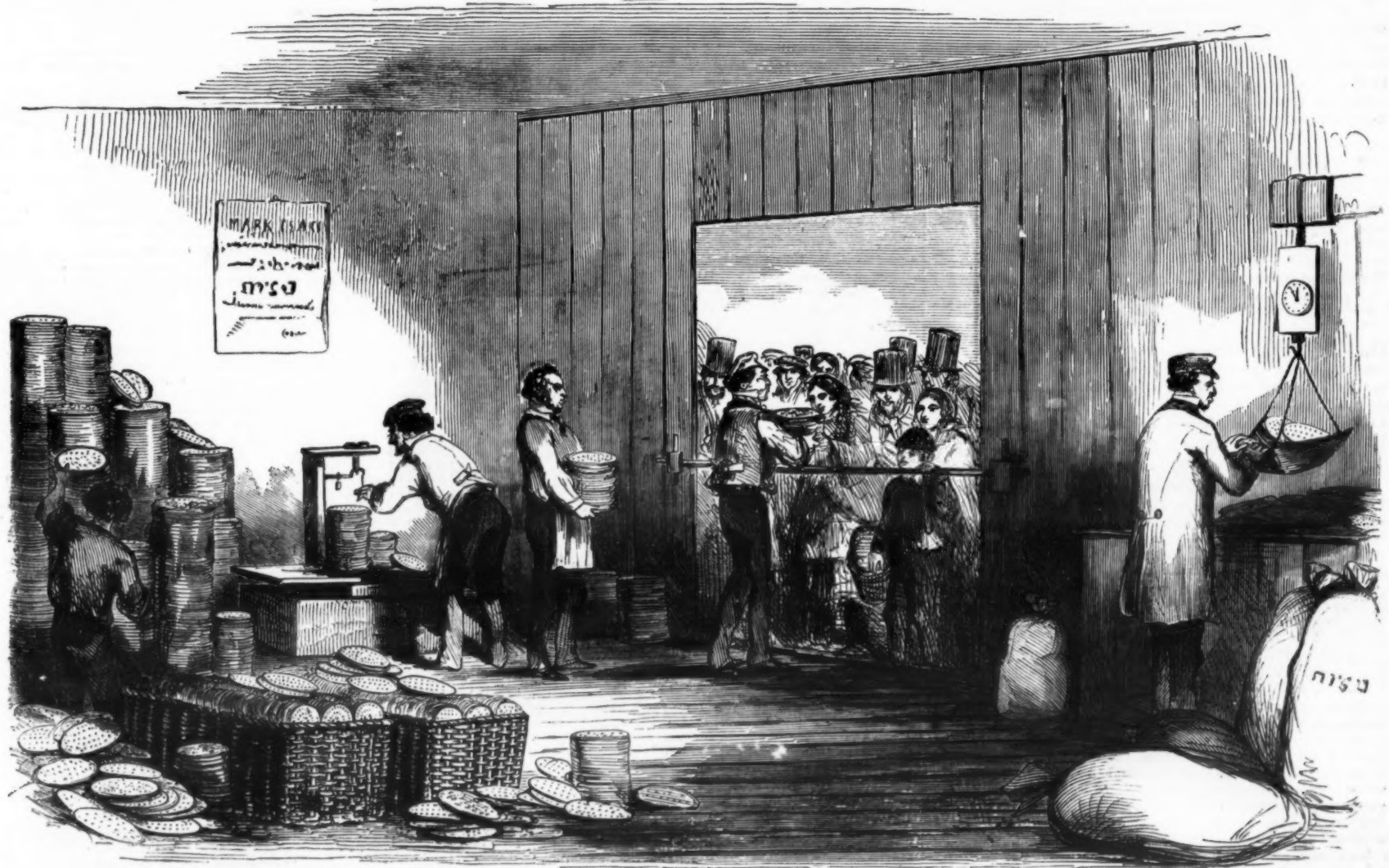
Considered as a body, the Jews of New York are quiet, law-abiding, good citizens; attentive and indefatigable in their various occupations, and among the very best of the adopted citizens of America.



GRINDING THE BROKEN PIECES OF METZOIZ, OR UNLEAVENED BREAD, INTO MEAL.

The Cream-Colored Island.

At Malta, during the summer, everything is a yellowish white: cream-colored houses, cream-colored hedges, cream-colored fields, for all vegetation is burnt up; white trousers, white jackets, white hats, white boots, all of which take a yellow tinge in the sun, and then there is the peril of a sunstroke if you go out without an umbrella over your head.



WEIGHING AND DELIVERING THE METZOIZ, OR UNLEAVENED BREAD.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.
First appearance, at the Theatre, of
MR. and MRS. JAMES STARR.
supported by all the talent attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
Chairs, 51.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.
Return of the incomparable
RAVELS.
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME.
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last per-
formances in America previous to their final departure from the stage.
Two grand pieces.
TERESA ROLLA for a few nights only.
Doors open at half past six; to commence at half past seven.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

AURA KENNEDY'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY,
NEAR HUNTON STREET.
Miss Laura Kennedy, Sole Lessee and Directress.
THE WIFE OF THE STATUE BRIDE.
and THE GREEN BUSHES, or, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
Doors open at 8; the performance will commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Orchestra, 51 each; Private Boxes, 45 and 57.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Incomparable American
Drama.
THE WIFE OF THE STATUE BRIDE.
OR, CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
Every Evening at seven o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday After-
noons at half past two o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR
PRINCE STREET.
Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original
sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Diorama Panorama, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at
7 1/2 o'clock precisely.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1858.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—In answer to many inquiries, we
would state, that in binding the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER the
Large Pictures should be folded and stitched in like a map.

Special Notice.

We repeat what we have frequently said before, that we cannot
be responsible for any MSS. sent to us unsolicited. The authors
of the MSS. that we accept will be addressed upon the subject.
The MSS. which we reject we will not undertake to return.

Notice to our Readers.

A GREAT NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S NEW
FAMILY MAGAZINE.

The May number of our *New Family Magazine* will be the most
splendid yet issued. It will contain the first chapters of a power-
ful and beautiful tale, written expressly for the Magazine, by the
distinguished and eminent author, JANUARY SEARLE, entitled,

MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

This exquisite story will excite universal interest. It will be
profusely illustrated.

To our lady readers *The Fashions* in our May number will be
of the highest interest. They will embrace the authentic styles in
all the articles of ladies' costume. Among the beautiful Fashion
Illustrations will be found numerous varieties of Bonnets, Caps,
Dress Aprons, Mantillas, Parasols, new and exquisite Sleeves,
and Children's Dresses. All these Fashions are authenticated by
the leading houses in New York, and will be the *Spring Mode*.

The illustrated articles of travel, the tales, poems, adventures,
and chapters of humor, wit and anecdote will be more than
usually attractive, and the numerous engravings will fully main-
tain the high reputation conceded to all our illustrated publica-
tions.

Our lady readers will bear in mind the May number of *Frank*
Leslie's New Family Magazine.

OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

of the
NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the
LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN
AMERICA.

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months
past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures
requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be
an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel no
little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Congress.

In the early part of the week the proceedings of Congress were
without any special interest, all parties being engaged in the excite-
ment of the Kansas Bill. Senator Johnson reported a Bill proposing
reforms in the present system of Congressional Printing, reducing the
prices, &c. In executive session, the District of Columbia ap-
pointments were all confirmed. Mr. Douglas presented the Constitu-
tion of Oregon, and also petitions for the organization of the
Territory of Dacotah. A memorial to suspend the laws of Utah was
referred to the Territorial Committee.

The House of Representatives, as it has done for a long time past,
went into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Bill. Mr.
Stevenson, of Kentucky, made a Lecompton speech. Mr. Gilmer,
of North Carolina, argued in favor of admitting Kansas without the
Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Miller, of South Carolina, was in
favor of Lecompton. He considered the issue to be whether Slave
States might hereafter be admitted. Mr. Burlingame, of Massachu-
setts, scouted the threat of disunion, and applauded the firmness
of the Douglas Democrats. Mr. Parrott, the delegate from Kansas,
energetically denounced the Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Zoll-
coffer, of Tennessee, made a Lecompton speech. The debate was
continued by various members until a late hour.

On Thursday the House was crowded at an early hour to witness
the vote on the Lecompton question. After some unimportant
moving business, Mr. Haskin, of New York, called the attention of

the Speaker to one Shaw, a reporter of the New-York Herald, whom
he discovered trespassing upon the floor. The reporter was expelled.
One o'clock having arrived, Mr. Stephens, according to previous
understanding, moved to take the Kansas Bill from the Speaker's
table. It was taken up and read once; Mr. Giddings objected to a
second reading, and the question recurred, "Shall the bill be re-
jected?" Mr. Stephens demanded the Ayes and Noes, which were
ordered, and the bill was not rejected. Ayes 95; Noes 137. The
bill was then read a second time. Mr. Stephens gave way to Mr.
Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, who offered the Crittenden substi-
tute, amended in a few immaterial particulars. It proposes to admit
Kansas into the Union, and to refer the Lecompton Constitution to a
vote of the people. If rejected, then a Convention is provided to
be called to frame a new Constitution. On this motion came the
tug of war. Mr. Montgomery said he had no remarks to make.
He would furnish printed copies of the Crittenden substitute to such
members as desired them. Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, here offered
a substitute (an amendment to Mr. Montgomery's amendment),
which was the same with the Senate Bill, with the omission of the
clause declaring the power of the people of Kansas to change their
Constitution at any time. Mr. Stephens demanded the previous
question. Mr. Quitman's substitute was rejected—Ayes 72; Noes
160. The result was applauded in the gallery. The House then
proceeded to vote on Mr. Montgomery's motion, to substitute the
Crittenden Bill for the Senate Bill. The motion prevailed—Ayes
120; Noes 112. On the following vote, which was to pass the
Kansas Bill as thus amended, the vote was precisely the same.
Thus terminated the long Kansas struggle in the House of Repre-
sentatives.

In the United States Senate ineffectual attempts were made to
vote down Mr. Iverson's motion to take up the Army bill, by Sena-
tors who desired that the Minnesota bill should be considered.
Some unimportant amendments were made to the Army bill. Mr.
Hunter moved two resolutions instead of four, exclusive of the
Texas Regiment. Mr. Iverson said the Government would be satis-
fied with two resolutions, if it could not get four. Mr. Cameron
defended volunteers from the aspersions cast upon them. Mr.
Houston was in favor of volunteers. They could perform most im-
portant duties, and would learn the manual in twenty-five days. In
reply to a question from Mr. Douglas, Mr. Hunter said he made the
motion for two resolutions on his own responsibility. The motion
was put and carried. Mr. Crittenden said Kentucky had a regiment
ready to march at twenty-four hours' notice. Several unimportant
amendments were concurred in. Before the final vote, Mr. Hale
said he looked upon the bill as an insidious step towards a perma-
nent increase of the army, and called on all to oppose it who did not
wish to see a military despotism established. Mr. Cameron spoke
in favor of the bill. Mr. Brown argued in favor of the Army bill.
The bill then passed. Then the Kansas bill came up, and Mr. Green
moved that the House amend the bill. The Senate
voted a vote previously passed to adjourn till Monday to discuss
Mr. Green's motion.

On Friday, immediately after some unimportant business, the
motion of Mr. Green came up. Mr. Green moved that the Senate
disagree with the House amendment. Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania,
spoke against the bill as amended at considerable length, but ad-
duced no new arguments. Mr. Douglas said he had hoped the
question would have been settled in accordance with those Demo-
cratic principles which had been the rule of his life, and if the Senate
would concur in the House amendment, it would be the triumph of
those principles and would at once bring peace and quiet. Mr.
Douglas proceeded at length, and with signal ability, to defend the
House amendment, and to urge the Senate to concur. Mr. Pugh
spoke against the Crittenden substitute, and said he should vote
against it, as his instructions did not cover the present juncture. He
then argued against the amendment on legal and technical grounds,
and said it was useless to submit the Lecompton Constitution, as the
people of Kansas would surely vote it down. He considered the bill
as amended by the House the most objectionable proposition yet sub-
mitted. No other Senator desiring to speak, Mr. Green's motion
was adopted, yeas 32, nays 23. Mr. Douglas desired to take up the
Minnesota bill, but was prevented by calls for the yeas and nays.
The Senate adjourned.

The House went once more into Committee of the Whole on the
Deficiency bill, and actually discussed it, Kansas being temporarily
out of the way. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, thought there was no evi-
dence of rebellion in Utah. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, denounced
extravagant and fraudulent contracts. Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia,
replied. There was a general discussion on the procurement of sup-
plies for the Quartermaster's Department. Mr. Phelps, of Missouri,
defended the Utah Expedition and the estimates of the War Depart-
ment. The House adjourned.

Foreign.

THE French conspirators, Orsini and Pierri, were duly executed.
At one time it was supposed that the Emperor would intercede and
procure their pardon, but the law was permitted to take its course;
and the policy, to our thinking, was correct. There were over
50,000 people present at the execution. The prisoners deported
themselves with great decorum and calmness, and there was but
little feeling on the part of the people. The feeling between Eng-
land and France continues to be very much disturbed. The Govern-
ments are polite and apparently friendly; but the feeling of
insecurity may be best inferred from the fact that the Minister of
Marine has ordered the French navy to be placed upon war footing
from the 10th of May; and the English Government has deter-
mined to increase the camp at Shoeburyness, Kent, to 10,000 men.
The war in China may seem to offer a reasonable pretence for these
simultaneous movements, but the real motives, we believe, may be
traced to a nearer source. It was rumored that Count Walewski
would resign, and also that M. de Persigny had tendered his resi-
gnation as Ambassador to London. The Emperor and Empress had
attended the opera. Their progress was through a chain of sentinels
on each side of the street, and a patrol of soldiers to keep the
centre clear. We hardly think they could enjoy the music much.
It is expected that the difficulties between Spain and Mexico will be
amicably settled. In Spain these expectations are based upon the
friendly disposition of the present President of Mexico, General
Zuloaga. The news from India is of a rather discouraging charac-
ter. The following extract shows a new and startling danger. A
letter from Allahabad, dated February 11, says: "The whole force
is to be in motion to-morrow. They have been crossing the river at
Cawnpore for the last few days, and talk of the attack beginning on
the 20th. Sir Colin Campbell has had an interview here with the
Governor-General concerning Oude affairs. There is a report that
a relation of the old King has proclaimed himself King of India,
and given orders to the insurgents not to fight us, but to disperse in
bands of forty and fifty, and scour the roads and kill the English.
I think this is the worst news we have had yet." The King of
Delhi has been tried and condemned to transportation for life to
Andamans. A great battle was expected to take place before
Lucknow. The rebel force amounts to nearly 100,000 men, most of
them trained under the British Government. The force of Sir
Colin Campbell does not exceed 20,000 men and 140 guns. The
numerical disparity is enormous, but still we have but little doubt
that the result will be favorable to the British forces. Consols
closed on Saturday, 29th ult., at 2 P. M., at 96 7/8 for money, and
96 7/8 a 97 for the 8th of April. At Paris on Saturday the Three
Per Cent closed at 69 1/2, an improvement of about one-quarter
per cent.

Proposed Broadway Railroad.

THE bill to authorize the laying down of a railroad track in Broad-
way has been ordered for a third reading in the Legislature. From
the reckless manner in which that collected body of the State's
wisdom and patriotism is rushing through all sorts of bills, there
seems every prospect that the Broadway Railroad bill will pass this

session, in the general confusion, along with others that ought never
to become law. The majority of our citizens are opposed to the
laying down of a railroad in our one great and fashionable thorough-
fare, and a few speculative individuals are made to represent the
wishes of half a million of people, and will probably gain their end
in direct opposition to the public voice. A railway in Broadway will
afford no relief, while it will throw the street into confusion for a
year or two, and when completed will be an eyesore to every prome-
nader. There will be, in addition to the cars, the same helter
skelter dash of omnibuses and carriages, and crushing and crowding
of vehicles will be greater than ever. We raise our protest against
the passage of this iniquitous bill, although we have but little hope
when we reflect that the whole "lobby" force is against us. Money
rules the world; and nowhere is this fact more decidedly proved
than in our State Legislature, among our chosen representatives,
where no scheme is so outrageous but it can find advocates, if the
projectors have means to distribute a currency "sop" among those
who would otherwise be inimical to the measure. Let us trust, how-
ever, that the third reading will attract the attention of some of the
conscientious members, who, by exposing the personal and pecuniary
motives of the individuals in opposition to the desire of the great
mass of the people, will be able to save our city by defeating the
measure.

The Hudson River Railroad.

THE movement on foot to compel the Hudson River Railroad Com-
pany to stop their steam below Fifty-second street, meets with very
general approval, in which we heartily concur. To the whole of that
neighborhood extending down to Thirty-second street, the railroad
is a positive and aggravating nuisance. It is utterly destructive of
property interests, for it literally shuts out traffic and monopolizes
the right of way. Its complicated network of railway tracks is a
notorious danger to the surrounding neighborhood; it is the city
Juggernaut, upon which many victims have been and will be sacri-
ficed, unless means are taken to abate the evil. The travelling com-
munity will be somewhat incommoded by the change, but we must
look to ourselves and our immediate interests first, and these demand
that no steam should enter the city below the point indicated. We
trust that the matter will be speedily decided.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH LADY FRANKLIN.

THE following letters will be read with interest. In every new
position in which Lady Franklin appears before the public she
shines with additional moral beauty—a true-hearted and noble
woman in every relation of life.

From Sidney Kopman, Secretary of the Kane Monument Association,
to Lady Franklin.

CITY OF NEW YORK, December 25, 1857.

HONORED LADY,—As a co-laborer for the accomplishment of a
work which is intended to carry down to future generations, in
pristine freshness, the names of Franklin and Kane, it is meet that
I should communicate to you some knowledge of the work, and the
progress already made in it, and in doing so I assure myself that I
shall afford you some degree of pleasure.

Accompanying this communication, you will receive a pamphlet
containing a full account of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of
Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, by which the
work now in hand was suggested.

Soon after the delivery of the Eulogy, which you will find in the
pamphlet, a proposition was made to organize a new Masonic Lodge
in this city, to be composed of a number of our best citizens, and to
be termed "Kane Lodge," in honor of Elisha K. Kane, whose name
and late history are inseparable from those of your intrepid and
illustrious husband, for when the name of Doctor Kane shall be
known to the passing and future generations, at least in our country,
there will also be known the name of Sir John Franklin, whether
the name of Doctor Kane be carried down by monuments of stone
or on pages of history.

The object in forming "Kane Lodge" is to raise money for the
construction of a marble monument, one hundred feet high, to the
memory of Doctor Kane, on some public ground in this city, and
in the inscription, which will occupy a portion of one side of the
base, the name of Sir John Franklin will necessarily appear; and
children, the neglected and uneducated, will become familiar with
the histories of two heroes, who were brothers in the mystic ties of our
Order. I am glad to say a fine suite of rooms is being prepared for
the holding of the Lodge; and, in a few words, everything pertaining
to our contemplated work goes handsomely onward, and I trust that
before the expiration of the next three years, I shall have the
happiness of conveying to you what I believe would be pleasing in-
telligence—that our praiseworthy and noble work has been com-
pleted.

This letter, my dear lady, is not written with the object of obtain-
ing a subscription from you, which, for certain Masonic reasons,
could not be accepted even if you were to offer it. It is prompted by
a deep and abiding respect for the noble-hearted and devoted wife,
who has clung even to a last glimmering ray of hope for the safety of
a long-absent husband beyond the ice belt of the North.

Such devotion is an example for wives in all future generations, an
example which, it is hoped, will command emulation amongst our
American wives. I am also prompted by a desire to inform you of
what we are doing in memory of the dead and the missing in whom
you feel interest.

Having written thus much, I assure myself that you would deem
any attempt at an apology for the liberty I take entirely out of place
and inappropriate, and with such expression, I am, excellent lady,
most sincerely,
Your obedient servant,
LADY FRANKLIN, London. SIDNEY KOPMAN.

Reply of Lady Franklin.

60 PALL MALL, LONDON, March 12, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have to apologise to you for the delay which has
occurred in acknowledging your kind letter and accompanying
pamphlet, which, owing to my absence from town, did not reach me
so soon as they would otherwise have done. Not will I disguise from
you that I have labored under some embarrassment as to what
answer to return to your very kind communication. You will not
be surprised at this when I tell you, as I feel obliged to do (though
it is very reluctantly), that I read of the honorable notice you
have taken, and intend taking of my dear husband in connection
with Dr. Kane as a brother Freemason, I am ignorant that he could
have any claim to that noble friend's sympathies, or to your peculiar
regard on the ground of fellowship in your mystic art. I wish it
were otherwise. I could almost wish that it could be proved this
was the only secret my dear husband ever preserved towards me, so
willing am I to forego the distinction conferred on him, or to appear
ungrateful for or indifferent to past or coming kindness. If chivalric
self-devotion, universal charity, good will to mankind, purity and
uprightness of conduct be, as I believe they are, the fundamental
virtues and imperative obligations of your mystic brotherhood, of
which your Masonic emblems are only the picturesque and poetic
emblems, my husband was worthy to be your brother. You will
never, I am sure, withdraw from him those kind and generous feel-
ings to which his memory will ever be entitled in the holy bonds of
Christian love. It is impossible for me not to regret that you do not
admit of a branch sisterhood of fellowship in good works, when I am
told that for certain Masonic reasons you could not accept any con-
tribution on my part to the monument which the Kane Lodge is
about to erect to the memory of my dear lamented friend. How-
ever, the monument without my aid will attain its one hundred feet
of elevation; if I ever look at it, standing in some area of your
beautiful city, it shall be without grudging that I was not allowed
to help in building it up, and with all the admiration which I am
sure it will deserve.

Will, by you, if you think proper so to do, convey my grateful
acknowledgments to Colonel De Coin and the other members of the
fraternity, of whom you are the Secretary, and believe me, dear sir,
Your obliged friend,
JANE FRANKLIN.
SIDNEY KOPMAN, New York.

CURRENT ITEMS.

- Lake navigation is now fairly open at the port of Buffalo.
- The U. S. sloop-of-war *St. Mary* has arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu. More than thirty women have deserted since her arrival.
- Some workmen employed by the Brooklyn Water Works Company, while engaged in excavating a mill-pond last week, came upon the remains of some vast animal. Its rib-bones measure nine inches broad, and one of its teeth measures seventeen inches around. Four or five wagon loads of bones have been exhumed.
- The whole force at the Philadelphia Navy Yard is 1725. Almost two-thirds of the number are at work on the *Lancaster*, which is to be got ready for launching by August.
- The Post Office at Tampa, Florida, was thoroughly robbed on the 19th inst.
- Rev. B. Moscovitz, of Berlin, officiated last week in the Synagogue Beth-Tefeloh, and chanted the services of the Jewish Passover.
- The U. S. steam-frigate *Merrimac*, bearing the broad-pennant of Commodore Long, has arrived at Callao.
- The business portion of Monticello, Florida, has been nearly destroyed by fire.
- The schooner *Gordon*, from Matanzas for Savannah, was recently shot at by the British sloop-of-war *Styx*, in the belief that she was a slave.
- Capt. Leonhart, who has figured so much in Kansas, has been shot at Geary City by the clerk of a grocery store, in revenge for a blow inflicted by Leonhart.
- It is said that the Right Hon. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Ossory, will be the new Primate of Ireland.
- The will of Sir Henry Havelock has been proved in London by Lady Havelock, the sole executrix. The personality in England is sworn under \$7,500.
- The U. S. sloop-of-war *Levant*, Commander Smith, from Hong-Kong for the United States, was spoken in the Straits of Sunda by the *Contest*, now at New York.
- General William Walker is in Mobile, where his presence attracts no attention whatever.
- A serious riot has taken place among the laborers of the Brooklyn Water Works Company, who struck for higher wages last week, without success.
- Commodore McIntosh, of the Home Squadron, has hoisted his broad pennant on the new steam-frigate *Colorado*, which was immediately saluted by the Pennsylvania. It is expected that the *Colorado* will soon drop down from the Navy Yard.
- The Common Council of Cleveland has appropriated \$6,000 for the erection of a monument in honor of Commodore Perry.
- John Phelps Putnam, of Boston, is appointed Judge of Probate, in place of E. G. Loring, removed.
- Mr. Duncan has declined the Democratic nomination for Governor of Rhode Island.
- The sugar-making business in Barbadoes is progressing finely, and the yield this year will exceed 60,000 hogheads.
- The Collins steamers *Atlantic*, *Baltic* and *Adriatic* have been sold at auction by the Sheriff. Dudley B. Fuller purchased them for \$50,000, a merely nominal price.
- The sloop-of-war *Savannah*, now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is nearly completed.
- Mr. Baird, Superintendent of Lands and Places, is having a number of trees set out in the Park—silver-leaf poplars, maples and others.
- The Indians have taken Bacalar, one of the chief towns in Yucatan, by surprise, in the night. Ransom for the prisoners not being forthcoming, men, women and children were cruelly massacred.
- Miss Lizzie Pettit, a young Virginian lady, has given private readings of Shakespeare at the residence of Senator Crittenden, in Washington.
- The United States ship *Marion*, for the coast of Africa, was in Hampton Roads last week, awaiting a favorable wind.
- There are 556 lighthouses on our Atlantic and Lake coasts, each of which consumes about 1,000 gallons of oil per annum.
- One hundred students at the South Carolina college have been suspended until October, in consequence of insubordination. The faculty refused to suspend exercises on Thanksgiving, and the students rebelled and perpetrated much mischief.
- The first commandery of Knights Templars in the State of New Jersey was organized in Jersey city on Tuesday.
- The steamer *Shubric* touched at Rio de Janeiro on the 6th of February, and sailed on the 11th for San Francisco.
- The fishing business at Cape Cod is decreasing. Only three vessels are engaged in codfishing and one in mackerel catching, the coming season, at Yarmouth port.
- The murderer Stoubs has committed suicide after killing his wife and two children in December last. His body was found in Cow's Millpond, about a mile and a quarter from Westfield.
- Seventy-five thousand bushels of oysters were planted in Wellfleet Harbor in 1867.
- The case of Mr. Matteson, of the House of Representatives, has been tabled, the House deciding not to go back to offences previous to his election to the present Congress.
- The sloop-of-war *Decatur*, Commodore Thatcher, was at Panama on March 18. Officers and crew all well.
- A new planet has been discovered at Nismes, in France, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter—the first discovered in 1858. It is to be called the fifty-first asteroid.
- It is rumored that General Sam Houston is to be Governor of Arizona, on its organization as a Territory.
- The brig *Lion*, of Boston, for Aux Cayes, was wrecked on Inagua Island (one of the group of the Bahamas), and all except one seaman were lost.
- In the slander suit brought by Rev. Mr. Steward and wife, against Daniel Gover, in a Maryland Court, the jury have rendered a verdict for \$10,000 damages.
- Charles H. Brown, President of the Atlas Bank, Boston, died on the 3d instant.
- The Canal Board at Albany have resolved to reduce tolls from four to two mills on merchandise, and on flour from three to two mills on the 1,000 pounds per mill.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The Fashions still.

ALTHOUGH the first dazle of the spring openings are over, the enthusiasm still continues unabated among the fair sex. A second grand opening among the haunts of fashion took place on Tuesday, and the popular thoroughfares were scarcely less crowded than on the previous Thursday. On this occasion, however, bonnets, plumes and ribbons attracted less attention than robes, dresses and mantillas. The new spring styles all seem graceful, tasteful and becoming in the highest degree, and will at once be adopted by the ladies all over the country.

A Lesson for Womankind.

There has been a terrible "fluttering among the doves" of Pennsylvania and Maryland lately. A very nice young man has been arrested in Baltimore under that grave and serious charge of endeavoring to pass current among the ladies as the genuine nephew of Commodore Stockton, when in reality he boasts of the unsentimental name of Stubbs, and also of obtaining large sums of money from the various banks of York, Lancaster, &c., by means of forged documents.

He has had a brilliant though brief reign among the romantic and languid young demoiselles of the States above named. Of course the "nephew of Commodore Stockton" was flattered, lionized and petted everywhere, and in every circle, and the fair dames saw in him all that was high and heroic. His boasted relationship to the aristocratic New Jersey stocktons gained him the entrée across even the most exclusive thresholds, while the admirable self-sufficiency and cool impudence with which he enacted the part of a patrician youth, completely won the hearts of those who are in the habit of bowing down before the golden calf of wealth and station.

He succeeded in imposing upon everybody, and in circulating the report that he was a regular Crusoe, so of course tradesmen, landlords and hotel-keepers gave him long credit, and the pretty girls grew jealous of one another for his sake. As long as this state of things lasted he was, no doubt, a happy man.

But now the series of successful experiments has come to an abrupt end—the "nephew of Commodore Stockton" has "fetched up" all of a sudden in the walls of a prison, and the real genuine Stubbs stands revealed in his original state of plebeian vulgarity—the jackdaw of the fable, whose gaudy plumage can no longer cover his defeat and mortification.

As for the indignant ladies who were so eagerly striving for his smile a few days ago, what words can depict their vexation and disappointment? May this be a lesson to the sex how they trust hereafter in the asseverations of whippersnappers and magnificent humbugs!

A Sorrowful History.

A melancholy scene is now going the rounds of the newspapers of a social star, fallen from its high position—a beautiful and talented girl, whose life, dawning with the most brilliant prospects, has just closed in the deepest degradation of which the mind can conceive.

A few years ago, a protégée of the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher was one of the most promising and talented scholars in a celebrated Brooklyn seminary for young ladies. She had not an ungratified wish—was surrounded by the pleasantest and purest of associations, and was gifted by nature with a brilliant and powerful intellect. All her schoolmates were forced to yield her the palm, both in natural endowments and scholarship, and it is said that every girlish composition she wrote was a literary gem both in conception and expression.

But this hotbed method of intellectual culture was not calculated sufficiently to curb the strong passions of her nature. She fell violently in love with one, however he might admire her brilliant talents and secretly return her affection, was already married; and in consequence of this first violent and bitter shock followed a very brain fever. In the course of her convalescence it was necessary for her to use strong spiritual stimulants, and by this means were sown the seeds of the horrible habit by which she afterwards lost self-control, station, and all that renders life endurable to woman's nature.

She removed to Boston, and there became a teacher in a prominent and responsible station. But it was not long before she yielded to the habit which had already gained such fearful ascendancy over her, and one night she was found in the streets of Boston in a state of complete and hopeless intoxication. In spite of the kind efforts of those who were interested in her welfare she rapidly sank in the social scale, and soon contracted an imprudent marriage with one who was looked upon with distrust and dislike by those whose opinions should have been law to her.

After the lapse of three or four years, she came (last year) to Chicago, where both herself and her husband were plunged in the most abject poverty. In the spring, having pawned away nearly all their household goods and clothing, they set out for Milwaukee with one child, which died and was buried on the way. In Milwaukee they took a miserable room in the foulest quarters of the city. Both were intemperate, and in consequence they grew poorer every day, until at length the sad shipwreck of the once brilliant and talented young girl might have been seen in the streets begging her bread from door to door.

While thus obtaining a miserable subsistence, she unexpectedly met with a lady who had been her schoolmate in Brooklyn, and another who had known her, years ago, in Boston, before her melancholy fall. They went to her room with her and there listened to her pitiful confession. She admitted that for three long days she had not had a single morsel to eat, and that one tattered sheet was their only protection from the bitter cold at night. The room was almost destitute of furniture, nearly everything having been sold to feed the consuming fire of their destroying appetites for drink.

A brisk movement was at once set on foot in her behalf; clothes and food were given, work was procured, and the gloomy prospect seemed to brighten. But the promised reform did not last long—the habit of years was not so easily conquered, and the money given for food was squandered at a ruinous rate.

When next the kind visitors came to see her, she was found in the frenzied state of total intoxication. From that time she refused all offers of assistance, abandoned herself to her miserable destiny, and soon after left Milwaukee with her husband. She has fallen to the lowest stage of social degradation—a state that would seem almost incredible to those who remember the brilliant and gifted maiden of a few short years ago; and death will probably soon relieve her of her sufferings.

Death in a Ball-Room.

A startling and melancholy calamity took place last week in Middlesex, Vermont. A charming and intelligent lady of that place fell dead on the floor, while taking her place in full ball costume, to join her friends in the festive dance, and she who had a few minutes previously to this entered the room in the full tide of joyous spirits, was carried out, a cold and lifeless corpse.

It is surmised that her sudden and appalling decease was caused by an insidious heart disease, which had been causing her much pain and trouble for many months.

The Turkish Admiral taken by Surprise.

We can hardly vouch for the truth of the following little incident, which is reported to have happened to the Turkish Rear-Admiral, since his arrival in this country. It is said that on one occasion a lovely young lady was enthusiastically admiring an elegant Cashmere shawl worn by the Oriental dignitary. He gallantly took it from his shoulders and laid it upon her own, to amuse himself with its brilliant effect, or perhaps to please her by momentarily gratifying her female vanity. It was a most magnificent and costly Eastern fabric, being worth \$4,000 or \$5,000. Imagine the surprise, horror and chagrin of his Excellency, when she courted low to him, amid delighted smiles and blushes, and moved gracefully off with the coveted shawl on her shoulders, as—a present!

The Princess Royal in her new Court.

It is said that the fair young bride of Frederic William is quietly, though effectually, working a little revolution of her own in the fearfully stiff and formal style that has heretofore kept the Court of Berlin in a state of automatic petrification. Lately, owing to the fairy wand of her sweet English mirth and frankness, royal highnesses, ladies-in-waiting, and chamberlains are actually seen to smile, look happy, and move about just as if they were really human beings like other people.

A Ladies' Lodge.

It is now in contemplation to form a Female Lodge, corresponding with the Kane Masonic Lodge recently created, in commemoration of the late lamented Eliza K. Kane. Lady Franklin, in whose behalf Dr. Kane explored the wildernesses of the North, and who is deeply grateful for his exertions, is to be one of the honorary members. It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the Arctic voyager, and the sympathies of all the ladies throughout the country are roused in this popular movement. Moreover, if the ladies are thus to be admitted into the charmed circles of Masonic lodges, how long will it be before they will have the entire of all the secret societies now monopolized by the other sex? That will be a vast improvement. We approve of the Female Lodge.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Artists' Ball in Paris.—Delightful Gathering—Humorous Incidents—Rosa Bonheur.

THE balls at *mi-careme* are principally given by artists, this being the time chosen by them to return, in some sort, the attentions they have received from the great world during the winter. The *Ball d'Artistes*, held in some popular painter's atelier, is one of the delightful and, withal, one of the most exclusive reunions in Paris. Every effort is made to gain admittance, but, unless artist or patron of art, no hope is to be entertained of succeeding.

Some of the most pleasant devices are—sometimes beheld at these balls. Imagination and experience of striking effect—eccentricity of wit and originality of humor, are all brought out on these occasions, and render these meetings of the most joyous nature. To behold the novelty displayed in the costume of the celebrated amongst the wits of the atelier, many a fair aristocrat has been known to abandon her own more brilliant and pretentious entertainments. At a late frolic given by Dantes the whole of the French and foreign aristocracy were gathered, eager to enjoy the opportunity of beholding at once the most complete assemblage of modern artists to be met within Paris. Rosa Bonheur was there, as a negro boy, all in white, with blackened face and neck; Mdlle. Marcas was leaning on her arm, a miller's apprentice, with face and hands all white with flour; then came Melissouier as Punch, and Dubuque as a *malade imaginaire*.

A capital mystification took place at the door. Nadaud, who had adopted the costume of a blacksmith, fooled the porter to the top of his bent. "Where are you going?" screamed the Cerberus, "that stairway was never meant for the like of you!" "Well, never mind; as I have there was dancing going forward upstairs, I thought I might amuse myself as well as other folks. But I'm quite willing to pay; here's half a franc—I suppose it is no more in such a place as this." The indignant porter rushed after Nadaud, who was proceeding leisurely up the stairs, and seizing him rudely by the shoulders, endeavored to eject him by force. The scuffle brought the guests to the top of the stairs. Nadaud carried the joke as far as possible, until the guards from the neighboring post was fettered by Gerome, disguised as a sucking baby, and then he declared himself, to the infinite amusement of the company. Henri Monnier, as a monthly nurse, was the soul of the evening, and Dantes then and there cast off a rough sketch of his peculiar appearance, which will perhaps become amongst the most popular of his works. The best of music, and the *fine fleur* of literary taste, were heard on that memorable evening, which no one had found too long, even when dawn shone with inquiring gaze through the skylight of the atelier.

"The Last Rose of Summer" becoming Continental Fashionable.

The glory of old Ireland is manifest in Paris just now by the popularity acquired by "The Last Rose of Summer," as sung in Plotow's new opera of "Martha." The "Romanza della Rosa" is the gem of the piece, and was sung by special desire of the Empress at the concert at the Tuilleries on the 13th ult. Mdlle St. Urbain gave great pleasure to the audience and mortal offence to Francoeur, who, for the last eight years, has adopted this air on the violoncello, and, having obtained great popularity therewith, evidently considers it as his own property.

Princely Liberty expected—in vain; The Siamese Ambassadors among the Ballet Girls.

"The French Opera," says the *Entree Acte*, "presented at its last representation a curious spectacle. The Siamese ambassadors occupied one of the large boxes on the left, in company with some high Siamese personages. Four of their suite were in another box adjoining, and about a dozen others were in orchestra-stalls. The piece given was the 'Cheval de Bronze,' and between the acts M. Feuillet de Conches, introducer of ambassadors at the Imperial Court, conducted the Eastern strangers behind the scenes among the ballet-girls. These young ladies expected a distribution of trinkets, bracelets and diamonds,

but nothing of the kind took place, as the ambassadors gave nothing but a shake of the hand here and there, and deep salutations. At one moment, however, the younger ambassador plunged his hand into his deep and wide pocket (movement of general attention). He drew out a round box, which he proceeded to open with great delicacy (profound sensation). The box contained four boxes, which the native of Siam devoured with great eagerness and apparent relish (general collapse and violent murmurs from all parts of the assembly). The visitors then left the part of the theatre behind the scenes and returned to their places. The third act of the piece seemed to strike them much. They gave no applause, but they used their opera-glasses constantly, directing them to every part of the house."

A Melancholy Romance in High Life.

Dr. Conolly has recently written the history of a patient—one long and melancholy grief—a real romance in a woman of high rank. She was a princess of one of the noblest of the French families, and brought up in splendor and in all childish happiness. In the careless days of childhood, the young Duke d'Enghien was often her playmate. Soon afterwards the French Revolution occurred, and the young princess became acquainted with poverty; and disappointment and fear agitated her daily existence. Her education was neglected. The Duke d'Enghien unhappily re-entered France, and his life was the immediate forfeit. His murder filled Europe with grief and horror. To the princess, then sixteen or seventeen years old, it brought despair. She fell by degrees into profound melancholy, and, young as she was, the springs of her life being poisoned, her hair became almost suddenly gray. She was taken to the Salpêtrière, of which asylum she remained an inmate until, after many years, death came to her relief. Long before that release, her lower limbs, partly from inaction and partly from habitual position, had become contracted, so that when she moved about it was on the hands and osea ischia, like a cripple. In all those years she seldom spoke, and then only in murmurs. She sat on her bed, her head leaning on her hand, and her large eyes fixed all the day long, and every day, on a window opposite to her, as if looking for some one on whom those eyes were never more to gaze, or listening for some loved voice, never more to be heard by mortal ears.

LITERATURE.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have just received from Rudd & Carleton two volumes of this popular and beautiful edition of Sir Walter Scott's works. These volumes contain the admirable novel "The Fortunes of Nigel." There have been some twenty volumes of the household edition already issued. We believe it will be completed in fifty volumes. We have many times spoken in warm commendation of this publication of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and we take this opportunity of reiterating praises so well deserved. It is brought out in beautiful style, and should have a place in every library.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The opera season at this establishment closed last week. It has been, so far as we can judge from appearances, a season of remarkable success. The monetary affairs of the city seemed to promise but little encouragement to musical speculations; but Mr. Ullman threw so many rare temptations in the way of our amusement-loving people, that they were forced out of their contemplated economy, and paid their reluctant dollars with admirable grace. Many performances, pleasant variety, and great excellence in the *four ensemble*, were embraced in Mr. Ullman's programme of management, and it told well, for some one or other portion of the public was touched by each new production, saving and excepting that of "Leonora," and that gained a loss to the management.

Mr. Ullman has established himself as a successful impresario; he has proved his ability to cater to the tastes of the public; and his way, we think, is pretty smooth for the future.

The long-expected and much-talked-of Musard Concerts come off this week, and will be continued every night for one month. We expect that this concert will prove a successful enterprise.

SHOSMUND THALBERG.—This great artist and estimable gentleman has returned to New York, and has commenced a series of his delightful matinees at the Academy of Music. His Southern tour has been highly remunerative. Everywhere he was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and everywhere was accorded him the highest position as an artist. His mission is admitted on every hand to be a most beneficent one for art; for his playing, though appealing to the highest musical taste and intelligence, is so intelligible from its wonderful perfection, that the learned and unlearned are alike enchanted. All feel the fascination of his power, and recognise in him the great prophet of the pianoforte. We hope to hear him many times before the summer comes upon us.

DRAMA.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The triumphant career of Bourcicault's clever drama, "Jessie Brown; or, the Siege of Lucknow," closed last Saturday, not because it had ceased to be attractive, but because Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Bourcicault had to fulfil an engagement in Boston. This drama has proved a striking and positive hit for the management; it was a lucky thought, for it appealed directly to the sympathies of the masses. During the present week those clever artists, Mr. and Mrs. Stark, have been the extra attraction at this establishment, and some time during the present month a new and exciting drama, called "The Mormons; or, the Revolt of the Harem," will be produced, with every aid that can be afforded by superb scenery, dresses, &c. We have no doubt that "The Mormons" will prove another great success.

LAURA KRENE'S THEATRE.—The attractions of the past week at this popular theatre have consisted of the favorite pieces, "The Fairy Elves; or, The Staff of Life," and "Green Bushes." These pieces are of great interest, admirable acted, and are put upon the stage with all the care and elegance for which this establishment is so justly famous. The houses have been well attended, and we need hardly say that the entertainments have given entire satisfaction.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The last great success at this establishment has now continued for several weeks to crowd the beautiful lecture-room of the Museum. But it will be partially withdrawn, in order to make room for other novelties. In addition to the myriads of curiosities that are always to be seen here, there are now on exhibition the Mammoth Lady, the Living Skeleton, the Happy Family, the Aquarium, &c. Where else can we find such abundant attraction for twenty-five cents?

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—That "Sleigh Ride," of which all the city is talking, and in which all the people participate, takes place every night despite of the absence of snow and the warmth of the weather. George Christy and George Holland keep the people in a constant roar of laughter. It is good for the health to visit Christy & Wood's Minstrels occasionally.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

Plot of a New Play by Sterling Coyne.

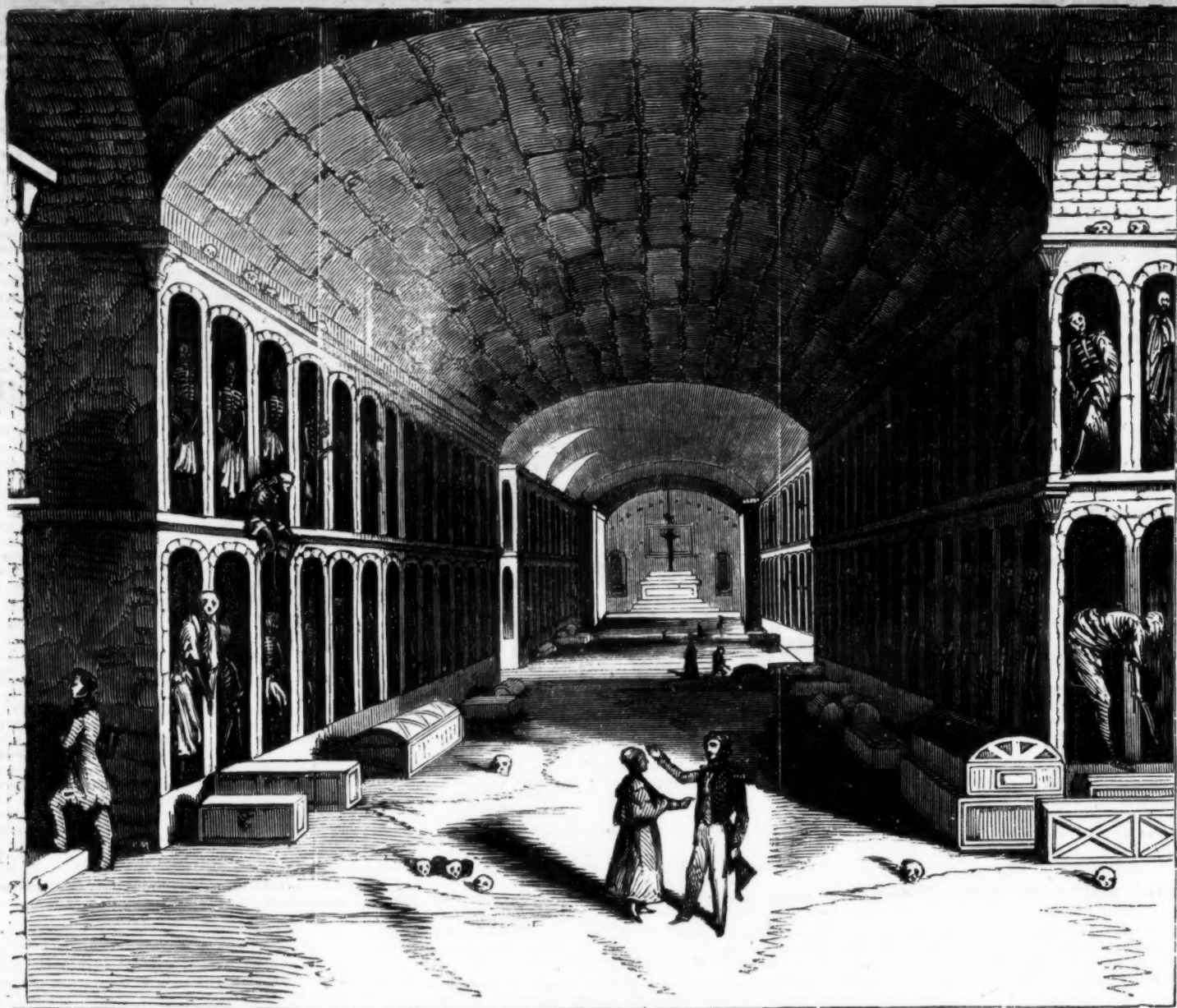
In the year 1740—if we are to believe the author of this pleasant comedy, "The Loveknot,"—there lived, in close friendship, two rakish friends—Lord George Lavender and Sir Cressus Harbottle, the latter a city knight. They employed a certain barber, called Bernard, a French refugee, and their wives employed a certain milliner, the daughter of a Jacobite Colonel, Marian Leeson. M. Bernard, who is beforehand all through the piece, marries the milliner, and the two rascally gentlemen fall in love with and determine to seduce her, so also does the *belle noire* of the comedy, Mr. Wormley, who appears to know everything but the one secret—the marriage. So runs the plot. The ladies dodge their husbands, the husbands dodge Miss Leeson, Mr. Wormley and M. Bernard dodge them all—all in the old, pleasant comedy fashion. By a clever, but somewhat old trick, the husbands pay court to their own wives, instead of their beautiful idol, and obtain from those ladies the cherry-colored breast-knots, which each wears in strict obedience to the all-knowing M. Bernard. Hence the name. But vengeance follows them. The stage lights up, and their guilt is discovered, so also is the fact of the presence of Marian Leeson, and also of Wormley, with a concealed band of soldiers, to arrest the Jacobite girl; when—hey! presto! up turns the ubiquitous M. Bernard, *en grand tenue*, no longer a hairdresser, but a French marquis, and his wife becomes the prettiest of little marchionesses! Of course the guilty husbands are dissolved by fear.

The "Magicienne" has been yet further delayed at the opera, in consequence of the desire of M. Halévy to render some parts of it yet more perfect. The Administration of the Lighthouses had placed at the disposition of the manager an apparatus which is to produce an effect of sunshine such as has never yet been equalled.

A few days ago a very novel and unprecedented inaugural banquet took place at the organ manufactory of Messrs. Gray & Davison, New-road, Fitzroy-square, London, where the large organ for the Leeds Town Hall is being built. The swell-box of the instrument having been completed, invitations for a dinner were sent out, and sixteen persons dined comfortably in it.

M. Oulibicheff, the celebrated musical historian, died in February, at Nijni-Novgorod, in Russia. He is chiefly known by his History of Music, and his Critical Essays on Mozart and Beethoven.

A Vienna letter says: "The day before yesterday, there was a regular pilgrimage from the inner city to the suburb Mariahilf to see a popular actress selling flour and eggs to her numerous admirers. The thing was done for the benefit of a woman who was in distress. It is said the Lord Chamberlain will not fail to remind the young lady, that it is highly unbecoming for a person who is a member of the Imperial Royal Company of Dramatic Artists to sit from morning till night in a shop filled with the rapid youths of Vienna, and surrounded by a mob of gossips. The sum raised was large, as ten *scries* were demanded and willingly paid for a single egg."



CEMETERY OF A CAPUCHIN CONVENT NEAR PALERMO.

VISIT TO THE CEMETERY OF THE CAPUCHINS, AT PALERMO.

We had been spending a few days in the beautiful old city of Palermo, which nestles in a rich Sicilian valley. All its curiosities had one by one been visited and exhausted—the quiet solitudes of Castellamare, whose frowning fortifications contrast so strongly with the green hills and orange groves beyond—the noble old cathedral, with its dark recesses, where beautifully carved monuments of gleaming porphyry keep watch over the tombs of dead and buried kings, and the Emperor Frederick, all his ambition and pride forgotten long ago, sleeps peacefully beside the ashes of old King Roger the Norman, and had extended our search also to the gray old university beyond.

Nor was the royal palace forgotten, with its rich treasure of unique marvels—the mosaic pavements of King Roger's Chapel, the observatory, from whose heights the red light of the famed planet Ceres first beamed on the eyes of the gray-haired Piazzì, and the crowded armory, under the same roof.

In short, we had explored nearly every corner of the fair city, and were idly lounging one evening on a wooded height, from which we could command a fine view of the broad, quiet sea beyond, and the finely sanded shore, dotted with busy fishermen, whose picturesque costume and rapid movements gave vivacity and character to the scene below.

"Well," said my companion, "I believe we have seen all that is to be seen in this same sleepy old Palermo. It is just like all these Southern cities—full of beauty, inactivity and sloth. I should turn into a dreamy, idle Italian myself, if I were to sojourn long in this magical climate."

"It is something to be free from the constant hurry and excitement of more modern cities," said I; "Palermo is like an old hero reposing on well-earned laurels. Her work is done, her fate is achieved, and now she is sinking into the drowsy languor of a comfortable old age!"

We sat in silence for several moments, until the soft fall of a stealthy footstep in the path which led through the pines beyond us broke the quiet, and we involuntarily turned our heads.

The stranger was a grave-looking old man, whom in an instant we recognised to belong to the fraternity of Capuchin friars. His robe of coarse brown serge was confined around his waist by a rope, while a sort of hood or cowl hung back on his shoulders, displaying his closely shaven head and luxuriant gray beard.

He scarcely noticed us, save by a muttered benediction as we placed a few coins in the scrip or bag that he carried at his side, but we knew, from the rosary and crucifix in his hand, that he had been to administer the last unction at the bedside of some dying penitent. As he disappeared among the trees, my companion sprang up, as if struck by a sudden idea.

"The Capuchin Convent!" he cried. "Let us investigate the solitudes of the old father confessors, and go through their cemetery."

"How will you get in?" I asked, smiling; "or

do you propose to wait until you can enter as part of a funeral procession?"

"That is easily managed. Money is a magician everywhere, you know, and a liberal alms will reconcile the father confessors to anything and everything."

Accordingly the next day we presented ourselves at the frowning gates of the old Capuchin Monastery of Palermo, and modestly requested permission to visit its internal curiosities. At first the gray father who answered our summons demurred and hesitated—it was not a good plan to admit strangers—it distracted the attention of the monks, and disturbed the quiet of

their secluded lives. But when my companion spoke of his deep reverence and respect for all the saints on the calendar, and further enforced it by the gleam of a golden argument, the padre relaxed somewhat. They were grateful, he said, for contributions to the common stock, and he could not refuse to gratify the pious curiosity of so polite a stranger. And thus, secretly congratulating ourselves, we passed the threshold of the famous Capuchin Convent at Palermo.

It was a dull, quiet place—full of niches, cells and shrines, and exquisitely clean and neat. Now and then a mild-faced monk would glide along the halls, the soft flutter of his sober russet robes breaking the heavy and oppressive silence, but the fathers, busied in their cells or oratories, scarcely looked up as we passed. The outer world, with all its varieties, pomps and excitements, seemed to be entirely shut out, and we felt almost guilty to penetrate into this region of holy quiet and unearthly peace.

Their cells were simply furnished with a narrow straw pallet, a table and chair, and a crucifix. No external luxury was allowed, and yet there is said to be much learning and science among these subdued friars.

A sensation of indescribable horror crept over us, however, as we descended into the damp and gloomy cemetery beneath the chapel of the convent. It was a succession of wide arched rooms or vaults, and literally lined with grim gray skeletons in every conceivable posture. Some were sitting up, others seemed to lean forward from the walls, attired in the serge gowns they had worn while living, with the fleshless hands protruding from the wide sleeves, and the skeleton feet glimmering white beneath the folds of the garments. Others lay in ghastly rows, side by side, on tiers of shelves.

"But surely," said I, turning to our guide, who did not seem in the least moved or affected, as he stood quietly at our side, "the bodies are not placed here immediately after death?"

"No," was the reply. "They are first interred in the holy earth, brought many years ago by the brave Crusaders from Jerusalem the holy city! We bury them without a coffin in the dress of the order, as if they had merely lain down to sleep, and pile the earth upon their unsheltered forms. By this mode of treatment the bodies are reduced to dry, white skeletons in less than one year."

"What is the next operation?"

"We remove the relics of mortality, in order to make room for the next who dies, and they are placed in this repository."

In another room or vault the remains are differently arranged. The bones are all disassembled and classed together in true scientific style in heaps of skulls, rows of spinal columns, strings of vertebrae and piles of smaller bones.

Ghastly attempts at taste were visible in another department of this solemn charnel-house, where strings of bones were festooned along the ceiling in arabesque patterns, and suspended *à la chandelier* in spectral array.

We left the place with a feeling of horror and dread, which it was impossible to escape, notwithstanding the pride and pleasure of the monk who had escorted us, and who seemed almost to look forward with a sort of proud anticipation to the



THE PRINCE OF OUD.

period when his skeleton should add to the sepulchral hosts now peopling the Cemetery of the Capuchins.

THE PRINCE MIRZA-MO-HAMMED HAMID-ALLIE.

THIS young prince, who upon the death of his uncle has become heir-presumptive to the throne and kingdom of Oude, is about eighteen years of age, with a not unpleasant countenance and much dignity of manner.

At the recent funeral of the late Queen, the young heir walked immediately behind the funeral car, with General D'Orgoni on one side, and one of the attachés of the Persian Legation at Paris on the other. His apparel on this occasion was truly magnificent, being a long tunic of rich stuff, laced and fringed with gold, and a belt of precious jewels and diamonds. On his head he wore a heavy circlet of gold, surmounted by a profusion of jet black plumes.

There cannot be a doubt but that this young prince is destined to finally sink into obscurity. The history of his family, connected with his royal mother's visit to England, her death in Paris, the unexpected insurrection in India, and now continued in Oude, the present siege of Lucknow, and the attacks that have been perpetrated around this capital of Oude, all suggest that the British Government will literally destroy the reigning family, so far as the form and prestige of power is concerned, and remove for ever from the people the stimulus to rebellion that will exist so long as the native princes keep up the form of sovereignty. This is as it should be; whatever may be said to the contrary, the severest rule of the British in India is mild and paternal compared with the best ever displayed by the native rulers. This fact is indisputable, and should reconcile Christendom to the rule of the English over the vast Empire of India.

THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER IN PARIS.

OUR readers have doubtless all heard of the extraordinary and seemingly unaccountable successes of Mr. John S. Rarey, the renowned American horse-tamer, in England, where he exercised his marvellous gift before the Queen, Prince Albert and many of the first nobility of the realm. At that time he confided his secret to Sir Richard Airey, Lord Alfred Paget and Colonel Hood of the royal household, and they assert that his method is perhaps the most rapid, certain and humane manner of subduing intractable horses that has ever been practised.

This opinion is fully confirmed by the no less favorable and decided testimony of the Commission named by the Emperor to witness and report on the experiences of Mr. Rarey in Paris. These French Commissioners, equally initiated into the mystery of the American horse-tamer, certify, with one accord, that this method is perfectly rational; and such a judgment, coming from gentlemen so competent to arbitrate all matters relating to the

horse, leaves no doubt whatever of the vast superiority of Rarey's system.

It is impossible to mention all the cases in which Mr. Rarey has proved his miraculous power over the nature of the horse. We must content ourselves with citing the history of his successful trial upon the celebrated Stafford, whose case gave scope for the most decisive and wonderful proofs of his art.

Stafford was a fiery and utterly intractable half-blood, about six years old. All efforts to subdue him have hitherto proved entirely useless. His great strength and savage ferocity have always rendered it extremely dangerous even to approach him, and during the past year his vicious conduct has made it necessary to confine him closely, as his perverse and wicked instincts were constantly breaking out in mad fury towards all who were near him. Every method had been tried to break him, but all proved futile, until, as a last resort, the American horse-tamer was consulted, and Stafford was sent to Paris to undergo his treatment.

A numerous assembly, comprising nearly all the members of the Jockey Club, and many noble and distinguished personages,

quest may be deemed lasting and complete. This brilliant success has elicited the most rapturous applause and commendation from all Paris.

A TURK ON A BENDER.

THE visit of the Turkish Admiral to this country, and his presence in our metropolis, has recalled to our recollection some ludicrous circumstances attendant on the sojourn of Ibrahim Pacha—brother to Mehemet Ali, deceased despot of Egypt—in London, twelve or more years ago. They have never got into print before, except perhaps in the shape of a brief newspaper paragraph.

Ibrahim was an inquisitive old boy, and had evidently made up his mind to see as much as he could of life among the Giaours. Not at all satisfied with being officially trotted out to palaces, prisons, dockyards and public institutions, he would originate excursions on his own account—or rather, force his interpreter and suite to do so—with, sometimes, the funniest results. There was no knowing where his red fez mightn't turn up. He attended an execution at Newgate, witnessing it, with more success than "My Lord Tom Noddy,"



STAFFORD BROUGHT OUT BEFORE HIS INTERVIEW WITH RAREY.



STAFFORD AFTER THE INTERVIEW OF AN HOUR AND A HALF WITH RAREY.

from the window of a tavern. He went to a prize-fight near Ealing, Surrey, and was introduced to the combatants. He descended in the diving-bell of the Polytechnic, and was with some difficulty disengaged from a nocturnal balloon ascent at Cremorne. He visited Greenwich Fair, and got rather roughly jostled by the mob, in returning to London by a third-class railroad car. He was present at Epsom on the Derby Day, at Jullien's *Bal Masqué*, and the Thames Tunnel Fair—one of the dreariest entertainments we know of, and only comparable to an assemblage of organ-grinders and apple-stalls in a damp cellar, imperfectly illuminated for the occasion. Finally, on one and the same evening, Ibrahim and suite formed a portion of the audience at a model artist exhibition, (it is said his Pasha-ship made a bid for certain of the performers, with an eye towards increasing his harem!) and subsequently dropped in—perhaps for supper—at the Cider Cellars, a well-known place of nocturnal and bacchanal resort, at the rear of the Adelphi Theatre. Here a rumour occurred, which had the effect of rather repressing his highness's explorative inclinations for the future, besides rendering the attendance of a couple of policemen (in plain clothes) upon his movements a very judicious and necessary precaution.

We were present on the occasion, and witnessed the whole affair, which we shall proceed to describe.

Ibrahim was a punchy, portly old fellow, with a thick grizzled beard—a thorough Turk in appearance and demeanor. His attendants, four in number, waited on his every motion with the most edifying obsequiousness. It might have been eleven o'clock, or later, when the party entered, proceeding at once to the upper end of the room, near to the piano and vocalists—Rhodes, the landlord, escorting and procuring seats for them. Of course they were considerably stared at by the frequenters of the place, which, it being a Saturday night, was unusually crowded.

We don't know whether the Koran contains any precept authorizing indulgence in hot brandy and water on the part of "the faithful," but Ibrahim, certainly—in the words of a Cockney who sat next to us—"walked into it" to a considerable extent. Moreover, he ate devilled kidneys and baked potatoes, and smoked cigars, like any number of Christians—his staff, with one exception, doing the same, though not until their chief's wants had been satisfied. The exception was the dragoman, or interpreter; he confined himself strictly to his office.

If our present visitor, the Turkish Admiral, were to be taken to Christy's Minstrels, and Oscanian obliged to translate, for his benefit, the ballads of "Keemo Kimo," "Bobbin' Around," or "Old Bob Ridley" into the choicest Ottoman, the task might prove about as difficult as the one Ibrahim's attendant was called upon to perform. How he rendered "Joe Buggins's Wedding," "The Woman who studied the Stars," &c.—songs not remarkable for their purity of English or classicality of expression—it might be curious to know. However, old Ibrahim seemed perfectly well satisfied, listening to the interpretation with extreme gravity, and occasionally stroking his beard with an air of much edification. Only the applause—the thumping on the tables at the conclusion of a song, in token of approbation—appeared to astonish, and, if we were not mistaken in the expression of his countenance, to excite within him some mild contempt. Yet he was evidently enjoying himself after his own grave fashion, and this appeared so plainly, that "Abraham Parker," as the Londoners had nicknamed him, was voted a jolly old cock and a hearty fellow.

Just then the song of "Sam Hall" had reached the height of its popularity. It was a performance in character, and one of real and extraordinary dramatic power. Ross, the vocalist, "made up" as a chimney-sweep condemned to the gallows, set, pipe in mouth, leaning over the back of the chair, and thus, to a lugubrious psalm tune, went through this awful chant, each verse of which ended in a frightful execration! The vividness of the personification rendered it something appalling, and when the singer concluded (by expressing a very unfavorable sentiment with respect to the eyes of the company assembled!) we always fancied some sensation of relief blended with the tremendous applause which followed.

There was more than the usual enthusiastic uproar that night, and more than the usual cries for "encore!" Ibrahim's little eyes expanded with astonishment as he looked round. Presently, as if stimulated by an idea that such a performance might fitly call for some extraordinary recognition, he gave an order in Turkish to one of his suite. In obedience, the man told out some money—gold—from a big green purse into the palm of his hand, and then made his way to the singer. (Ross never forgot the compliment to the latest day of his life. We believe he died in 1855—his career being greatly shortened by intemperance.)

Of course "Abraham Parker" got a round of applause—and such a one as only bibulous Britons can achieve—for his generosity. Unluckily this was not all.

The actor Paul Bedford—a great Adelphi favorite, and deservedly so—happened to have just come in from the fall of the curtain on "The Green Bushes" (he was the original Jack Gong). Paul, a very jolly fellow, had—perhaps *has*—one slight failing—a liking for liquor, and a tendency to become lachrymose when intoxicated; and on this night entered the room very drunk indeed. How he could have got through his part we don't know; but Adelphi audiences were very indulgent to Paul.

Well, somehow he became informed of Ibrahim's generosity. Upon which, just as the tumult was subsiding and the pianist playing the prelude to another song, he makes his way to the table at which the Pasha sat, and addressing him in that extraordinarily confused tone produced by extreme inebriation, he insists on shaking hands with him!

"Giv' y'r hand, old cock!" said Bedford, "yer a regular brick, and yer know it! That's what yer are!"

Ibrahim smoked on, gravely and severely. "What y'r lookin' at? don't y'r know me?" And Paul attempted to steady himself by placing one hand on the dragoman's shoulder. The man shook it off, drew himself up, and looked angrily at Bedford.

"Come, Paul, that won't do!" and "Turn him out!" now indicated the scene had attracted the notice of the audience. Rhodes, too, quitted his end of the room and came towards them, with the intention of quieting Bedford.

The actor began to cry. "Won't y'r shake hands?" said he, "le's look at yer cap, then!" And he stretched out his hand, evidently with the intention of removing the Pasha's fez, but, stumbling, fell forwards, crushing the cap down over Ibrahim's eyes—in other words, completely "bonneting" him, as Londoners term it!

There was a tremendous row in an instant. The Turk's rage was no joke to look upon. If an angry Mussulman's beard can bristle with anger—and we have Byron's testimony to it—we believe Ibrahim's did, then and there. Before anybody could interfere—almost before, indeed, the major portion of the audience were aware that a row was in progress—Ibrahim's attendants had got the inebriated actor's boots off, and were preparing to administer the bastinado!

Then Rhodes, the vocalists, the company generally, plunged in and rescued him. Something of a fight ensued, and we remember the pianist, Haydn Wilson—an inoffensive old bachelor, who used to play the organ at churches—getting a tremendous black eye from the fist of the dragoman, who really struck out like a first-rate disciple of the P.H. But half a dozen policemen appearing soon settled matters. Bedford was given into custody by the infuriated Pasha, who departed in a whirlwind of rage—probably expecting that the head of the offender would form an ornament for his to-morrow's breakfast table.

Any such available anticipation was, of course, doomed to disappointment. And, equally, of course, further proceedings on either side were out of the question. Paul looked rather sheepish for a night or two, and his oratorical, "I believe y'r my-boy!" lacked its wonted unctuous emphasis. Ibrahim never visited the Cider Cellars again. But just a week afterwards, we, dropping in there for our accustomed stout and kidney, found a song in progress, the chorus of which—sung by the whole strength of the company, audience included—was as follows:

"Here's long life to old Abraham Parker!
May his beard never cease to grow!
For though he's a rum'un to look at,
He's a regular good'un to go!"

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

THE VERY SAME SWORD.—"This," said the sacristan, "is the sword with which Balaam was about to slay the ass."
"The very one is it?" he replied. "It was brought from Palestine many years ago."
"Who brought it thence?"
"One of the cardinals who had been on a visit to Jerusalem."
"You think there can be no mistake that this is the very identical sword?"
"The very sword. You can't doubt the holy church, can you?" crossing himself.

"The church says this is Balaam's sword, does it?"
"Yes, yes; do you still doubt?"
"The Bible does not say Balaam had a sword, but only wished for one."
"True, true; but this is the very one he wished for."

A VERDANT gentleman put up at a hotel in Washington, and having displayed himself somewhat, attracted the attention of some wage, who, the next morning, left some money at the bar and ordered a cocktail to be sent every ten minutes to the countryman. After five or six had been served, the native called out from the head of the stairs, "Hold on there, hold on! Does the President think I can control the votes of my State?"

An English paper gives an account of the rescue of a British lady, travelling in Arabia, from a great peril, by an Arab sheik or chieftain. Although the lady had a most stormy temper and was exceedingly ill-looking, it seems she had a heart, and in a fit of romantic gratitude, she resolved to marry her deliverer. But no sooner did the sheik learn her determination, than he mounted his swiftest dromedary and incontinently fled across the desert to sands unknown.

STANZAS.

I gave my heart to thee for thine,
And now my heart's untrue;
I see, with grief, the fault is mine,
And mine the misery too.

Give back my heart, and take thine own,
For falsehood hath such blame,
That while the sin is mine alone,
Thou shalt not wear the shame.

DEFINITION OF A FAST MAN.—During the libel suit of Fry against Bennett, four years since, a witness was asked, "What is a fast man?"
"It is a technical term, and perhaps a little difficult to define," was the reply.

"But I insist upon a reply," said the counsel.
"Well," said Sam, "as near as I am able to state it, a 'fast man' is a man who has more money than he has time to spend it in."

A PIOUS old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch a mare that was wont to bear him to town. He moved on the most approved mode. He shook a measure of corn at her to delude her into the belief that she was to get it; but she was not to be deceived by any such specious act. She would come nigh and then dash off again, until the good man was fretted very badly. At last he got her in a corner among some briars and made a dash at her; when she bounded over the wall and left him sprawling among the bushes. His Christian fortitude gave way at this, and gathering himself up he cried, "Oh, hell!" The ejaculation had passed his lips before he thought, but immediately conscious of his wickedness, he said, "Isejah!" and translated the profane word into a note of triumph.

AT REST.

Here let us linger as the evening closes,
In this green copse with the setting sun;
The landscape now in mellow'd tints reposes,
Ere yet the bat-wing'd twilight fliteth dun.

The sun-illumined boughs, arch'd high o'erhead,
Distill a cool light from your glowing sky;
Where his great disc, declining broad and red,
Tinges dull clouds with his ensanguined dye.

Still sounds from distant woods the cuckoo's note,
The half-hush'd birds are twittering in the brake,
In quiet ponds the darkening shadows float,
Reflected foliage stains the brimming lake.

Here we will linger till the air dissolveth
Each uncomposed sound to silence clear,
While the moon rises o'er yond trees, and solveth
In her soft halo all the landscape near.

Nor will we think upon the morning's gladness,
No thoughts of day shall haunt this hallow'd light,
Far sweeter are the evening shades and sadness
To hearts which in each other take delight.

And now the world's at rest, our souls shall steal
To blend and mingle in this peaceful hour,
Like rainbow hues, which sweeter grace reveal
In the soft stillness of a moonlight shower.

Love is the rainbow left us in our thrall,
The hope of earth, form'd by a light from heaven,
Which penetrates the showers of grief that fall—
Foretaste of joys for aye, not of earth's lease.

A TRAVELLER called at nightfall at a farmer's house; the owner being from home, and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer.

"How far, then," said he, "to a house where a preacher can get lodging?"
"O, if you are a preacher," said the lady, "you can stay here."
Accordingly he dismounted. He deposited his saddle-bags, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was.

"He cannot be a Presbyterian," said the one, "for he is not well dressed enough."
"He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not exactly the right cut for a Methodist."

"If I could find his hymn book," said the daughter, "I could tell what sort of a preacher he is."
And with that she thrust her hands into the saddle-bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed, "La! mother, he's a Hard-Shelled Baptist!"

"WILL you give me them pennies now?" said a big newbaptist to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No, I won't," exclaimed the little one. "Then I'll give you another pounding." "Pound away. Me and Dr. Franklin agree; Dr. Franklin says, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'"

A PROUD parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on; the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat?

"The same," said the shepherd, "that clothed you—the parish."
The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade the man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool!

The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool.

"Why, are you going away, then?" said the shepherd.

"No," answered the other.

"Then you may tell your master," returned the shepherd, "that his living cannot maintain three of us."

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

It will undoubtedly be a source of regret to the contributors and correspondents of our Chess column, to learn that Mr. N. Marache has been constrained to resign his post as Chess Editor, through want of time for the proper fulfilment of the duties of that station. Mr. Marache has most ably conducted his department, and we all regret his retirement. But he has promised the present Editor (Mr. T. Frère, who begs to introduce himself, in parenthesis) that he will continue to contribute, from time to time, both games and problems. It is to be hoped that all the old contributors will go and do likewise, and that all those who desire to immortalize themselves in the annals of Chess, and have not yet contributed to us, will at once be awakened (now is the awakening time) to the importance and necessity of such a step, and comply without further procrastination. He who deliberates is lost!

We present the following list of communications, by way of an account of stock. They have been handed to us by Mr. Marache, and shall all be duly looked after:

E. B. C., Hoboken; S. Loyd, W. W. M., Virginia; Dr. R., Philadelphia; P. H. P., Syracuse, New York; T. M. B., C. J. J., Maryland; Dr. C. C. Moore, Winona, Minn.; C. Utica, Amateur, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Ware, Boston; G. N. G., Syracuse; J. H. M., "Untried," or rather "Unclassified," Philadelphia; J. S. J., H. M., Canastota, N. Y.; Dunsdin, Brooklyn; L. O. Gay, Little Falls, N. Y.; T. C. Amboy, Ill.; E. A. B., Charleston, S. C.; S. W. B., Waterbury, Idaho; J. G., Brooklyn; N. F. R., P., Milwaukee; Morris County; W. B. M., Charlestown, Mass.; J. S. J., C. H. J. V.; W. J. W.; Doctier; G. W. B., New Haven; Jacob Edson, Phila.

The Decision in the World's Problem Tourney of the American Chess Association has just been rendered. The first prize has been awarded to Rudolph Wilmers, the celebrated pianist, of Vienna, Austria; the second prize to Conrad Bayer, of Olmu, Germany; and an honorable mention to Samuel Loyd, of New York. There were eleven sets sent in, five from Europe and six from America.

The Chess Monthly for April is before us. It contains three original games by Staunton, and several prize problems of the World's Problem Tourney, with other choice matter.

WILLIAM CADRE, Mount Wether, Yorkshire, England.—Contribution received, and shall be duly attended to. Why is it that we do not often receive communications from our trans-Atlantic acquaintances? We presume the leading illustrated London paper is surfeited with correspondents; if so, let your supercriptions point westward, gentlemen.

S. H.—There is a typographical error in the rule (Rule V.) as printed in Staunton's Handbook, which makes nonsense of it. The latter clause of the rule should read, "If a game be drawn, the player who began it has the first move or the following one," and not "or the following one," the latter being obviously a misprint. While such is the rule, you must abide by it. Though we cannot help thinking it more equitable that the move pass each game.

MR. M. W., New Bedford, and J. A. P., Salem, Mass., will soon hear from N. Marache by mail.

In order to satisfy the general inquiry for the letter of the New Orleans Chess Club to Mr. Staunton, embracing the challenge of Mr. Morphy, we insert the document in full:

NEW ORLEANS, February 4, 1858.

HOWARD STAUNTON, Esq.—Dear Sir: On behalf of the New Orleans Chess Club, and in compliance with the instructions of that body, we, the undersigned committee, have the honor to invite you to visit our city, and there meet Mr. Paul Morphy in a Chess match. In transmitting the invitation, permit us to observe that we are prompted no less by the desire to become personally acquainted with one whom we have so long admired, than by the very natural anxiety to ascertain the strength of our American players by the decisive criterion of actual conflict over the board.

We can see no valid reason why an exercise so intellectual and ennobling as Chess should be excluded from the generous rivalry which exists between the Old and the New World in all branches of human knowledge and industry.

That the spirit of emulation from which this rivalry arises has not hitherto been made to subserve our civilisation game, may be mainly ascribed to the fact that, although the general attention paid to Chess in the United States during the last fifteen years has produced a number of fine players, yet their relative force remained undetermined, and none could assert an indisputable right to pre-eminence.

The late Chess Congress has, however, removed this obstacle by settling the claims of the several aspirants to the championship. And it must now be a matter of general desire to fix, by actual contest with the best European amateurs, the rank which American players shall hold in the hierarchy of Chess.

For this purpose, it was suggested that Mr. Morphy, the winner at the late Congress, and present American champion, should cross the ocean and boldly encounter the distinguished magnates of the trans-Atlantic Chess circle; but it unfortunately happens that serious family reasons forbid Mr. Morphy, for the present, to entertain the thought of visiting Europe.

It therefore becomes necessary to arrange, if possible, a meeting between the latter and the acknowledged European champion, in regard to whom there could be no scope for choice or hesitation. The common voice of the Chess world pronounces your name; and, to us, it is a subject of congratulation that the sceptre of trans-Atlantic Chess be wielded by one who, with respect to regularity of communication between the two countries, and for other reasons, enjoys facilities for accepting our invitation possessed by no European player.

We take the liberty herewith to inclose a series of proposed "terms of the match," which has been drawn up, not for the purpose of imposing conditions, but with a view to obviate the necessity of repeated correspondence. We have been studious to make these terms as equitable as possible, and to include all matters upon which consultation was likely to arise.

You are respectfully invited to suggest any alterations which you may deem advisable, not only in the minor points embraced, but also as to the amount of the stakes, the time fixed for the commencement of the match, &c., &c.

Fully subscribing to the wisdom of the proposal made by you in the introduction of the Book of the Tournament, we beg leave to express our entire willingness to insert a clause providing that "one half at least"—or even all—"of the games shall be open ones."

In conclusion, sir, receive the assurance that it will afford us extreme pleasure to welcome among us a gentleman who is as greatly admired for his prowess in play as he is esteemed for his many and valuable contributions to the literature of Chess.

Hoping soon to receive a favorable answer, we remain with distinguished regard, your obedient servants.

R. W. HALSEY,

G. FADELL,

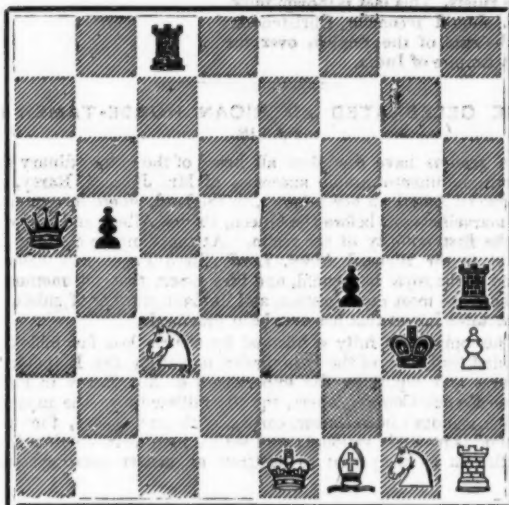
FRANCIS MICHARD,

F. E. BARFORD,

CHARLES A. MAURIAN, JR.

PROBLEM CXXI.—By C. J. J., College of St. James, Md. White to play and mate in six moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME CXXI.—(EVANS GAME).—Being the second of the match lately played at the New York Chess Club, between Messrs. THOMPSON, GALLATIN and PIERCE, against Messrs. MEAD, FERRIN and MARACHE—each party consulting.

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Messrs. T. G. & F. Mead.	M. P. & M. Messrs. M. P. & M.	Messrs. T. G. & F. Mead.	M. P. & M. Messrs. M. P. & M.
1 P to K4	P to K4	20 P to K5	P to K5
2 K Kt to B3	K Kt to B3	21 P to Q R3 (e)	P to K B3
3 K B to Q B4	K B to Q B4	22 Q R to K	R to Q7
4 P to Q Kt4	P to Q Kt4	23 Q R to K2	R Ks R (f)
5 P to Q B3	P to Q B3	24 K to B	K to B2
6 P to Q4	P to Q4	25 K to B	R to Q
7 Castles	P to Q3	26 K to B	R to Q3
8 P to Kt3	P to Q Kt3	27 R to K3	R to K3
9 B to Q Kt2	B to K Kt2 (b)	28 K to Q2	R Ks R
10 B to Q Kt5	P to Q4	29 K Ks R	K to K3
11 P to P	Q Ks P	30 K to K4	P to K B4 (ch)
12 Q Kt to B3 (c)	B Ks Kt	31 K to Q3	P to K Kt3 (g)
13 Kt Ks Q	H Ks Q	32 B to Q	K to Q4
14 Kt Ks B	R P Ks Kt	33 P to K B3	K to K4
15 P to Q5	K Kt to K2 (d)	34 B to Kt5	K to Q3
16 K R Ks B	Castles K R	35 B to Q8	K to Q B3
17 P to Kt5	P to Kt5	36 P to K R4	K to Q Kt2
18 R to Q7	P Ks B	37 K to K3 and after some few moves	
19 R Ks K	K R to Q	White won the game.	

(a) Mr. Waller, of Dublin, in his able analysis of the "Evans," published in the "Chess Players' Chronicle," recommends this move in preference to Q R4—insinuating that if the B has to retire to Q Kt5—an indispensable move in this gambit—it leaves the Kt in a position to repulse the Q on being played at her K3.

(b) Objectionable; Kt to K B3—the move recommended by Mr. Perrin—would have been stronger at this point. Let us suppose:

9	K Kt to B3
10 Q Kt to Q2 or (A)	B to K Kt5
11 P to K5	P Ks P
12 P to K5	Q B Ks Kt
13 Kt Ks Q	Q Ks Q
14 Q R Ks K	K Kt to Kt5 and the game is about equal.

(A)

10 P to K5	P Ks P (b)
11 P Ks Q	Q Ks Q
12 R Ks Q	Kt to K5
13 R to K B	Kt to Q B4
14 Kt to Q B3	Kt to K3 with a good position and the advantage of a Pawn.

(b) Had Black advanced P to Q4, White would have captured Kt, having a winning position.

(c) The best move on the board, we think.

(d) The game is virtually lost for Black from this point; upon a subsequent analysis, K to B would have proved equally as disastrous. The defence adopted in this gambit was very weak, to say the least.

(e) The timely advance of this P not a little contributed towards the successful issue of White's game.

(f) Indisputable; Black should have avoided an exchange of pieces, having a better chance of drawing the game. In such a case you strengthen your adversary's position, having with the superiority of a clear piece.

(g) We were in favor of advancing this Pawn two squares instead. The game is, however, hopeless, for this reason that the Pawns on the Q's side are comparatively useless.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to K B3 (ch)	K moves
2 Kt to K B6 (ch)	K moves
3 Q to R5 (ch)	K moves
4 Q to R4 (ch)	K Ks Q
5 Kt to K B3 checkmate.	

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